

FIFTY CENTS

AUGUST 14, 1972

TIME

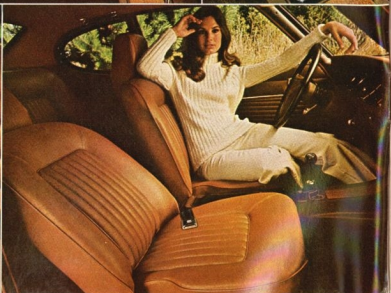
The Democrats
Try
Again

Sargent Shriver





Capri Sport Coupe



CAPRI

LINCOLN-MERCURY DIVISION



Capri.

The first sexy European under \$2600.

Sticker price. Destination, title, dealer preparation, taxes and options extra. Decor group option as shown \$118.

Up to now there was only one kind of sexy European car.

The expensive kind.

Capri has changed things for the better. By being decidedly sexy and authentically European—for under \$2600.

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Options? Sun roof. Vinyl top. Automatic transmission. And the decor group interior.

Capri also comes in two other models. The Capri 2000, with an overhead cam four. And, newest, most passionate of all, the Capri 2600 V-6.

But the sexy thing about Capri is what you get without spending extra.

That's why Capri sold more cars in its first year here than any other import in history.

Imported for Lincoln-Mercury.

A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

HE got only one or two bylines. He rarely traveled with campaign caravans or attended presidential press conferences. But for the past eight years, TIME's Washington bureau would have been hard-pressed to operate without Edwin Goodpaster. As news editor and deputy bureau chief, Goodpaster was the executive officer, deploying the troops of the 23-man bureau. He also played copy editor, assignment maker, staff psychiatrist, and domestic-affairs counselor. When gas masks and helmets were needed for reporters covering the riots following the assassination of Martin Luther King, Goodpaster found them. Or Arctic underwear for reporters on their way to Greenland.

Goodpaster came to

TIME in 1964 after stints as city editor of the Minneapolis Tribune and managing editor of the now-extinct San Fernando Valley Times. But he worried about Washington journalism becoming too big, too separated from the people, and he decided to act on his misgivings.

Next week he goes off to Whitehall, Wis. (pop. 1,500), to be owner, publisher, editor and at times photographer, typographer and society columnist of the Whitehall Times (circ. 2,050). "With a little paper, I felt I could find the people-to-people relationship I wanted," he explains. "I wanted problems that I could look at, get involved in, have some immediate influence on. I wanted my kids to know the trash man and the banker."

For McGovern and McGovern watchers, it was the best of weeks and the worst of weeks. Nothing is harder to cover than uncertainty—so TIME reporters covered just about everybody. Neil MacNeil bird-dogged McGovern through every between-vote interlude in the Senate lobbies, found him and Hubert Humphrey almost guiltily sneaking off to the "neutral office" of the Secretary of the Senate. MacNeil learned from Connecticut Senator Abraham Ribicoff that McGovern had called one morning at near dawn to ask him to intercede with Ted Kennedy, then had called back an hour later to offer the job to Ribicoff himself. John Austin, who was assigned to Ed Muskie, staked out the Senator's home in Bethesda, Md., on Friday morning, then later in the day was the only reporter on the plane when Muskie flew to Maine to discuss the matter with his wife. When reporters rushed to Hyannis Port after Sargent Shriver finally became the choice, they found TIME's Kay Huff had been dispatched there well ahead of the pack. Because of this sustained contact, TIME's correspondents won from the solicited candidates unique and intimate candor about the personal and practical factors that went into their decisions. As for the art department, TIME had readied cover pictures of twelve possible contenders.

Ralph P. Davidson
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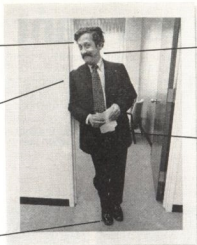
Canadian members will be serviced from Toronto.
Offer slightly different in Canada. 52-G916 B

Portrait of a smart car buyer:

He reasons thusly: The next model year is fast approaching. Present dealer inventories, therefore, must be reduced. That can mean year-end savings. (Pretty smart, eh?)

He likes a big car. With enough shoulder room, elbow room, hip room. With enough room for the whole family to ride in without taking turns breathing.

He likes to know that when he puts his foot down, he'll find a responsive Olds Rocket V-8 at the other end.



He wants a quiet car. One in which he can discuss his business prowess without shouting over wind noise. Even on a turnpike.

He wants a car not only priced to save money but built to keep on saving money. A car with built-in value that will be worth more when it's trade-in time again. (How smart can you get?)

Portrait of a smart car buy: Oldsmobile Delta 88.

Right now, during your Oldsmobile dealer's Smart Buyer Sale, smart buyers everywhere are discovering how much they can really save on a Delta 88.



Oldsmobile's year-end Smart Buyer Sale!



LETTERS

A True Happening

Sir / The Democratic Convention, as reported and illustrated in TIME (July 24), appeared to be nothing less than a true happening. All advance signs of the forthcoming Republican Convention indicate it will probably be one long dental appointment.

SID SKOLNIK
Encino, Calif.

Sir / At least George McGovern wouldn't think he had been elected President of the whole world.

Spending our resources to make this country what it should be will export more democracy, if that is our goal, than continuous foreign intervention and involvement.

DANIEL EAST
Peoria, Ill.

Sir / As a first-time voter and a McGovern volunteer, I am really becoming fed up with political analysts telling the world that I am going to become disillusioned with Senator McGovern for modifying his position on some issues between now and November.

I am not trying to elect some self-righteous dictator who scorns any change or ideas different from his own. That is what we are trying to replace!

I would merely like to see a good and decent man become President of this country, and I trust McGovern's judgment in any necessary compromise with different factions of our nation.

ELIZABETH DALY
Hartford, Conn.

Sir / TIME describes George McGovern's triumph in Miami Beach as a miracle.

In a way, it is as much so as the miracle of the volcanic eruption on Krakatoa, or the miracle of Hurricane Agnes, or the miracles of the many other disasters that have devastated numerous areas of the world at various times throughout history.

ROBERT E. WALTERS
Columbus

Sir / George McGovern must be stupidly naive if he honestly expects Hanoi to give us back our P.O.W.s. No amount of begging will do it. Two reasons: first, North Viet Nam's wish to humiliate the U.S.; and second, its desire to obtain reparations, which I'd call ransom. The price will come high.

If McGovern wins, our nation will have turned full circle. It will be "millions for tribute, but not one cent for defense."

N.B. DISMUKES
Dallas

Sir / Someone should tell Senator "Share the Wealth and Emasculate the Commonwealth" McGovern that we no longer live in Sherwood Forest.

MRS. M.L. BILSBOROUGH
West Lafayette, Ind.

Sir / Your coverage of the Democratic Convention suggests that history is once more repeating itself, this time after 760 years.

The McGovern campaign is another Children's Crusade, as foolish as the first and equally destined to fail.

HERMAN W. LIEBERT
New Haven, Conn.

Sir / In reading your account of the sources of several of the phrases in Candidate McGovern's acceptance speech, I was curious about the inspiration for the "Come home, America" theme. As a Methodist

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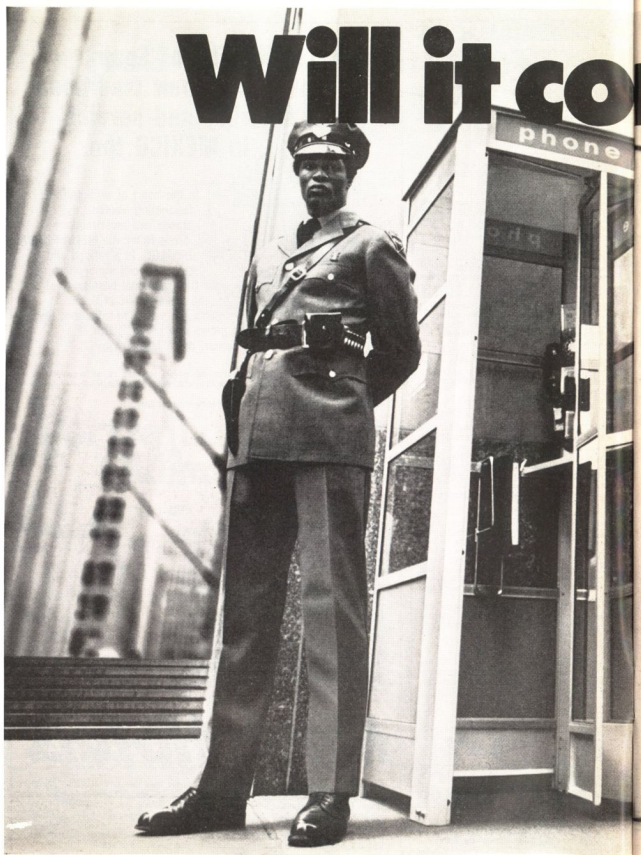
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Will it co



me to this?

A stuffed coin slot. A dangling cord with the receiver cut off. A jimmied coin box. A receiver with the transmitter removed. A dial with the face ripped off.

These are just some of the things we find when we go around checking our public phones. And we're not the nation's only telephone company. Altogether, some 11,000 pay phones in this country are out of commission every day.

It really bothers us.

We don't like losing income from pay phones that don't work, and we don't like spending money to replace damaged equipment. What bothers us even more is that phone service becomes unavailable, not just to people who want it, but to people who might desperately need it.

We're working hard to solve the problem.

Our program of improving the lighting in and around phone booths has met with some success; vandals don't like light.

Our open-style phone booths deter tampering, but in bad weather they don't give as much protection as we'd like to people or equipment.

Our new, tamper-proof coin phone, complete with bent coin release and armored cable, has been the most successful improvement of all.

You can help too by letting us know when you come across a pay phone that's out of order.

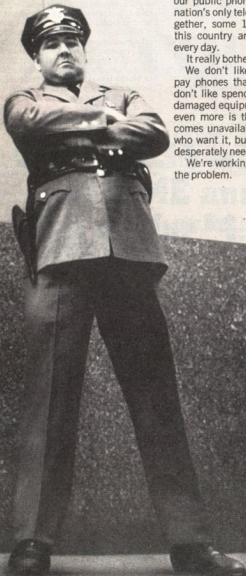
That we can fix.

The only thing we can't fix, change or improve is a willfully destructive human being, and that's what bothers us most of all.

We have no answer to "Will it come to this?" and we wish we didn't have to ask the question.

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Rich and Poor,
Jew and Gentile,
Black and White and Brown
and Yellow and Red,
This town, this city,
this state, this country
bleeds a little every day.**

**Open your heart.
Empty your hands.
And roll up your sleeves.
With The
American Red Cross.**



LETTERS

P.K. (preacher's kid) of McGovern's generation. I recall singing many times the gospel-hymn chorus that goes:

*Come home, come home,
Ye who are weary, come home;
Earnestly, Jesus is calling,
Calling, O sinner, come home.*
JOANNA BURRIS
Pemberton, N.J.

Nobel for Nixon?

Sir / In nominating Richard Nixon for the Nobel Peace Prize [July 24], I guess Senator Hugh Scott expects us to ignore the thousands of massacred and napalmed Vietnamese, as well as their destroyed farms and villages—victims of this Administration's Vietnamization policy. Or isn't this of consequence?

PHIL HALL
Milwaukee

Sir / Joke of the Year: Richard M. Nixon being nominated for the Nobel Peace Prize.

R.A. RUSSO
Lackawanna, N.Y.

The Unknown Soldier

Sir / The lack of a single unknown soldier from the Viet Nam War [July 24] seems to indicate that a monument would be better dedicated to another cause. As the wife of an American serviceman missing in action in Viet Nam, may I suggest that it be erected to our prisoners of war and missing men?

With some of our men enduring their seventh year of captivity, and the possibility of a complete accounting of the missing becoming more remote each day, the sacrifices of these brave men certainly deserve special recognition.

SUSAN D. PARSONS
Palo Alto, Calif.

Sir / It makes some kind of sense: a useless tomb to represent our useless involvement in the war.

LAURA INVEEN
Gig Harbor, Wash.

Sir / The Defense Department, which says there have been no unknown soldiers killed in Viet Nam, is as usual less efficient than it would lead you to believe. While serving as an Army pathologist in Viet Nam in 1969-70, I visited the Tan Son Nhut mortuary near Saigon and had the unfortunate experience of viewing a collection of unidentified remains of U.S. soldiers. Some of these remains had defied the most "expert" means of identification for many, many months.

I would suspect that these unidentified are presently buried in the pool of the "missing" and that some will be found "in a final sweep" of that battlefield."

JAMES M. O'HARA, M.D.
Miami Lakes, Fla.

Magnetic Bestiality

Sir / Thank God for people like Robert Hughes [July 17] who can penetrate the mist of emotional appeal, see it exactly for what it is, how it originated and what it is doing. I went to the Stones' concert unprepared and was overwhelmed by a force that left me stunned and thoroughly confused. I did not know if what I had experienced was evil or beautiful, but I felt at the moment that it was enormously cryptic and mystical. It seemed to me that the human mind was powerless to comprehend this phenomenon. The next day, however, I read TIME's Essay, and I then realized I had only wit-

nessed the pent-up bitterness of an English adolescent-man transformed into incompatible magnetic bestiality.

ANN LOVGREN
Indianapolis

Smart Aleck?

Sir / Noting your attempt to portray Dick Cavett as a "literate" person [June 17], I am writing to say that he strikes me as an almost psychotic smart aleck who makes a defiant attempt to cover his inadequacies with a contemptuous, snotty front.

There are so many other individuals so much better suited to hosting a talk show that it is to be hoped that ABC will find one, maybe this time a female.

RUDY VALLEE
Hollywood

Problems for Monogamists

Sir / Re Germaine Greer's falling in love [July 17]: After reading her brilliant and incisive dissertations against the male and specifically against marriage, I cannot help feeling concerned over the conflicts that this high priestess has brought to untold thousands of monogamists all over the world. Where does she leave them now? She cannot blame female weakness because she has convinced all of us that this is a non-thing.

FRANK CAUCH
London, Ont.

Cup of Hemlock

Sir / Dr. John H. Knowles has said needful, pithy things [July 17], but the ease with which he discards the efforts of other men and the cynicism of his looks at contemporary American medicine have taught us—the new generation of physicians—to lis-

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There's a movement in this country

A movement among people who want to do something—personally—about the problems that face us. Now that movement has a new focus.

It's called ACTION.

ACTION was created by the President and Congress to give concerned Americans a chance to *do something*—to volunteer to work with people who want help.

ACTION is the Peace Corps serving in developing nations around the world. ACTION is VISTA serving in communities here at home. ACTION is Foster Grandparents, helping children in need throughout the country. ACTION is SCORE—retired executives counseling small businessmen. ACTION is all this and more—it's thousands of committed Americans: college students and retired people, men and women, black and white, of all incomes, all ages and from all walks of life—working together, face to face, where it really makes a difference.

People in ACTION are working in many different fields: providing health care to migrant farm workers in California; counseling small businessmen in Philadelphia; teaching modern methods of farming to Peruvian peasants; working with Indian tribes in the

Southwest; organizing a fishing cooperative in Uganda; giving vocational guidance to ex-convicts in Wisconsin.

ACTION is seeking new solutions through new programs, such as University Year in Action—enabling universities to provide academic credit to students while they serve in social programs in inner cities, Indian reservations and migrant workers' camps. ACTION is working because people everywhere are learning to work together—meaningfully—to solve our mutual problems.

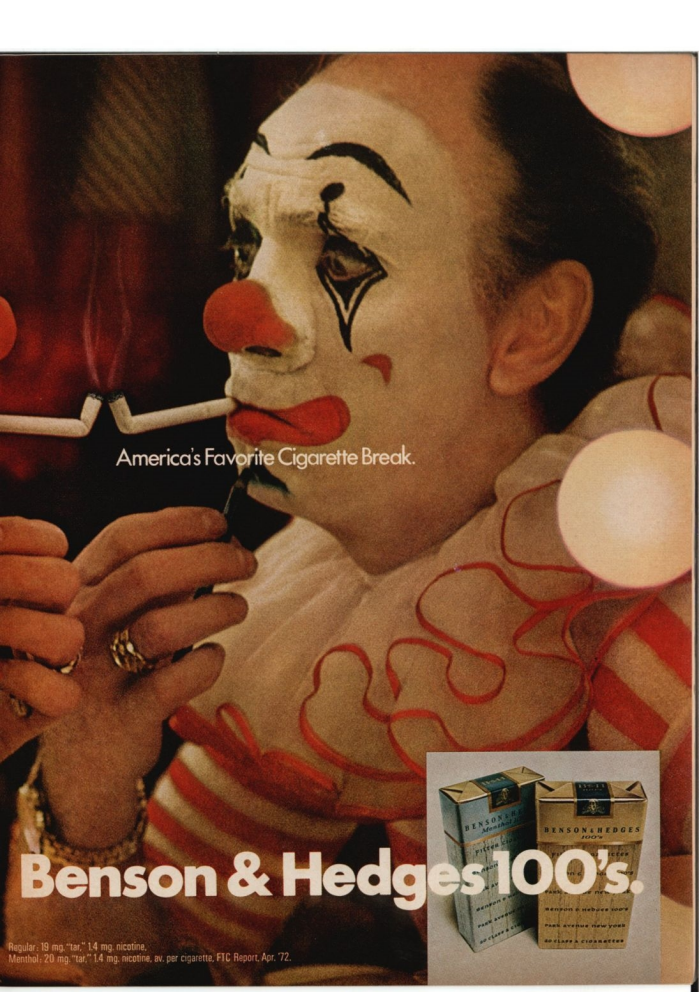
ACTION is at work in virtually every state of the union and in some 60 developing nations. Some people in ACTION work full time for a year or more. Others serve part time on a regular basis. But more important, they are each devoting a part of their lives to do what they can to help their fellow man.

Maybe you know how ACTION can be of service to your community. Or you may already be working in a project that needs assistance. Or you may want to join ACTION, using your knowledge and ability where they are most needed. Find out how you can be part of this new movement. Write ACTION, Washington, D.C. 20525.

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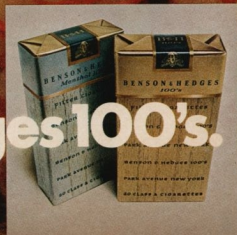


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When it's gone,
the party isn't over.
It just isn't the same party.

Say "Johnnie Walker Red." You won't get it by just saying "Scotch."

LETTERS

ten to the Great Voices of academic and institutional authority with skepticism and distrust.

Now Knowles must be prepared to accept the same questioning and criticism from those he taught so well. Maybe like the earlier "corrupter of youth," he will ultimately be offered the cup of hemlock.

PETER C. BLACK, M.D.
Chief Medical Resident
Veterans Administration Hospital
Martinez, Calif.

Sir / Dr. John Knowles, the much-needed Ralph Nader of the medical scene.

MRS. J.D. PHILLIPS
Woods Hole, Mass.

Sir / I admire John Knowles for his ability as a medical organizer, but his knowledge of furniture in 1964 was somewhat less than professional. Those old wooden benches he had thrown out of Massachusetts General Hospital are known in the antiques trade as deacon's benches, made about 1840, and are now collector's items. I managed to save one from going to the dump when I was a medical art student at Massachusetts General. After removal of seven coats of paint and loving restoration, it now graces my living room.

JUDITH E. BARRINGTON
Brookfield, Mass.

Sympathetic Strangulation

Sir / Although Biblical Scholar Kenneth Taylor [July 24] says he does not want to emulate William Tyndale in his manner of death by strangulation and burning, Taylor is evidently experiencing, through his sudden hoarseness, a sort of sympathetic strangulation—self-imposed in the absence of an authentic executioner.

(MRS.) DOROTHY G. WATKINS
Columbus

A Fine Final at Wimbledon

Sir / What motivates your sportswriter to produce such balderdash as he does in his story about the tennis at Wimbledon [July 17]? While deferring to nobody in my joy and appreciation of the wonderful semifinal between Chrissie Evert and Evonne Goolagong, it was my opinion and that of everyone to whom I talked that the men's singles final between Stan Smith and Ilie Nastase was a tremendous climax to Wimbledon. It was one of the finest and most exciting finals ever played.

PHILIP M. BLOOM
London

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THE NATION

AMERICAN NOTES

Advice and Descent

When Robert Kennedy was assassinated in 1968, 48 U.S. Senators boarded a special jet and flew to his funeral Mass in New York City. Then, in January 1971, 39 Senators climbed onto another jet and flew to Senator Richard Russell's funeral in Georgia. The weather was foggy, and the Air Force plane carrying the Senators tried twice to land, swooping by the runway at an altitude of 90 feet.

Had the plane crashed on either the New York or Georgia flight, the Senate would have been practically destroyed as a political institution. Should a majority of Senators die, the Senate could not even legally function. The prospect so disturbed Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield that he prepared a private memo on the problem. "Often the necessary precautions are not being taken to protect the Senate as a viable institution," he wrote. "Too often a significant percentage of the Senate, even up to a majority, is permitted to fly in a single aircraft. This is an unacceptable risk for the country to take."

Mansfield issued orders to the Air Force that thereafter no more than twelve Senators might fly on the same plane at the same time. Thus last week, as 36 Senators left to attend the funeral of Louisiana's Allen Ellender, they were dispersed on five separate flights for the trip to New Orleans.

Promise Her Anything

After 23 years of marriage what can you give your wife? Clothes, jewelry, perfume—all old hat. But what about a seat in the U.S. Senate? Louisiana Governor Edwin Edwards popped that very proposal to his wife Elaine last week. "Wanna go to Washington?" he asked her. "Are you kidding," she replied. "What for?" "To take Ellender's seat in the Senate." Open-mouthed, speechless response. Fade-out.

Much as he admires his wife, Edwards had other things in mind when he made his surprising selection to fill the Senate post occupied for nearly 36 years by Allen Ellender, who died two weeks ago. Too many other Louisianans coveted the job, and it was politically perilous to choose among them. Beyond that, three of Edwards' top financial backers sought the post—not to mention his two brothers. Elaine was the only out.

Her elevation, however, is only tem-

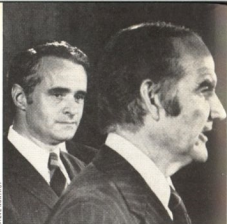
porary. In November, an election will be held to fill the seat. Elaine (so everybody anticipates) will then resign and return home. "I'm no Senator," Elaine candidly admits, though she plans to do her job conscientiously while it lasts. "I'm not just going to be a stick of furniture. I aim to be on hand to represent the state and vote when I'm expected to." Tough and talkative, the new Ms. Senator considers herself more liberal than the conservative Ellender, though she remains a hawk on the war. She is decidedly cool to McGovern, as is her husband, who turned down an invitation to meet the Democratic nominee after Ellender's funeral.

The 51st State

The American commitment to Israel is something that transcends formal international agreements. It is partly an emotional tie, an almost institutionalized impulse of sympathy left over from the state's birth out of the European holocaust. It is also a powerful and sometimes disturbing factor. No presidential candidate, for example, would risk the hostility of the nation's Jewish voters—and wealthy Jewish contributors—by even hinting that his affection for Israel was less than total. One of George McGovern's insistent, and so far less than persuasive campaign themes, has been his distinguishing between his dovish stand on Viet Nam and his relatively hawkish position in support of Israel.

Given the near-unanimity of politicians on the subject, Conservative William F. Buckley Jr. has suggested that the U.S. and Israel formalize their relationship. "Why," he writes, "should we not propose to Israel annexation, as the 51st American state?" Buckley goes on to envision the advantages: "If Israel's foreign policy were written in Washington, the Arab countries' fear of Israeli expansionism would end"; presumably the U.S. would begin by returning all the territories conquered in the Six-Day War. "If Israel becomes part of the U.S., there is no further question of attacking the state of Israel—as well attack the city of Chicago."

Buckley's "modest proposal" has a whimsically beguiling logic. After all, he remarks hyperbolically, Hawaii and Alaska are as far from Washington as Tel Aviv; and if Spanish-speaking Americans are allowed to vote, why not Hebrew-speaking Americans? Of course, Buckley concedes, some Israelis might object, but they might be won over, "provided we affirmed our dedication to states' rights."



George McGovern Finally Finds a Veep

TOO high, Eunice baby," Sargent Shriver shouted as Eunice smashed a drive out of bounds. Surprisingly trim at 56, Shriver was engaged with his wife Eunice in a spirited, Kennedyesque Saturday-morning doubles match at their home in Hyannis Port on Cape Cod. A houseboy brought news that Senator George McGovern was on the phone. Without pausing, Shriver served, played out the point, finally stroking a shot weakly into the net. Only then did he casually walk off the court to take the call.

Thus did Democratic Presidential Candidate George McGovern finally land a vice-presidential running mate, climaxing one of the most bizarre weeks in American political history. It was a week in which the convention-approved nominee, Missouri Senator Thomas Eagleton, was pressured off the ticket and five respected figures in the Democratic Party turned down McGovern's desperate pleas to fill the vacancy. Even for the Democrats, noted for their interne-ne squabbles and disorderly manners, the spectacle was one of a party reduced to near shambles just as it started its overwhelmingly difficult campaign to reach the White House.

The dropping of Eagleton because of the uproar over his medical history was virtually unprecedented.* The rebuffs encountered by McGovern as he sought a reassuring replacement only added to the party humiliation. McGovern wooed them and practically begged, but one by one, Edward Kennedy, Abraham Ribicoff, Hubert Humphrey, Reubin Askew and Edmund Muskie all declined for various reasons their party's second highest honor. The selection of Shriver, a personable Kennedy in-law and former head of the Peace Corps and Office of Economic Opportunity (see following page), may turn out to be a good choice, but had the public aura of an act of desperation.

Typhoid. While the impact of the week's events made McGovern appear to be indecisive and ineffective, as well as a political Typhoid Mary, he was largely trapped by events beyond his control. He knew just which men he wanted and in what order of priority. He simply could not persuade them to run. Moreover, every act in the drama was played out in full view, each pursuit of a candidate, each offer and each rejection making instant headlines. It produced a confused jumble of bulle-

tins, giving the public the head-snapping twists of a Ping Pong match. Most damaging in all of the rejections was an implication that none of the selected men dared mention: the fear that they would be joining a losing ticket.

The decision to drop Eagleton raised deep questions about McGovern's leadership abilities. Yet the dilemma was a profound one in which the poignant personal considerations of both men collided with the brutal demand that public and party welfare come first. There was no way for McGovern to look good. His critics could contend that he put expediency above the anti-professional political idealism that his candidacy had seemed to espouse. Arguments will undoubtedly continue over whether his stature would have grown or diminished if he had never wavered in his support of Eagleton, fought out the health issue on purely medical grounds. His admirers and most professional politicians will argue that abandoning Eagleton was something he simply had to do if he was to stand any chance of getting the campaign focused on its real target, Richard Nixon. The worst thing about McGovern's performance was not that he was compelled to drop Eagleton, but that he at first rushed into "1,000%" support of him, only to waver toward a somewhat devious tactic of undercutting the man. In the end, McGovern proved coldly tough.

As they moved into the fateful week, both McGovern and Eagleton respected each other's position. Showing courage and a manly grace under pressure, Eagleton felt he had ridden out the storm and emerged with a broad new following. He was especially effective on a Sunday *Face the Nation* TV appearance. McGovern wanted to keep him, but feared that the controversy would not subside so long as Eagleton was on the ticket. On another Sunday-interview show, *Meet the Press*, two of the party's top officials, National Committee Chairman Jean Westwood and Vice Chairman Basil A. Paterson, urged him to step down. Since Mrs. Westwood had talked to McGovern before her appearance, her words were a sign that McGovern might have made up his mind. Yet, as one aide explained it, McGovern was "very troubled by the conflicting emotional pulls. There was a ter-

rible ambiguity between his private desires [keeping Eagleton] and the public requirements [dumping him]."

If those ambiguities had already been resolved, the public execution was still to come. So was the pursuit of someone else to fill out the ticket. The travail of the Democratic Party developed this way day by day:

MONDAY. Michigan Senator Phil Hart found no ambiguity at all in what McGovern intended to do. As a group of Senators flew to the funeral of Louisiana Senator Allen Ellender, McGovern, sitting beside Hart, said flatly: "I've concluded that it is necessary to find a substitute." Hart readily agreed. Hart was struck by McGovern's controlled

KEN REGAN—CAMERA 5



NOMINEE SHRIVER & ROSE KENNEDY

approach to the problem: "He seemed totally at ease. No bitterness, no anger. He seemed remarkably stable." McGovern laughed heartily when his colleague asked jokingly: "Does the law require that you have a Vice President?"

McGovern wasted little time in trying to find a new one. He remained close to Massachusetts Senator Edward Kennedy at the funeral and sat beside him on the return flight to Washington. There he began an intensive three-day drive to persuade Ted to run. He argued, in effect, that Kennedy would greatly add to the Democratic chances of victory. Kennedy would have a "better opportunity" to fight for some of his causes, such as ending the war and reordering national priorities. McGovern's pitch was soft-sell but persistent. Kennedy's refusal was just as determined. Ted argued with some emotion about his overriding duties to his family, the deep responsibility he feels to all the fatherless Kennedy children and

*One other vice-presidential candidate, former Senator Albert Gallatin, was nominated in 1824, then forced off the Democratic-Republican ticket by Party Leader Martin Van Buren, who was trying to strengthen the ticket. Two men have refused to run after being nominated: Senator Silas Wright in 1844 and former Illinois Governor Frank Lowden in 1924.

THE NATION

to his mother Rose. "I told him no," said Kennedy later. "I wished him the best of luck. I told him I'd help him in every way I could, and I shook his hand." The refusal was flat and firm. Politely, both men avoided mentioning two other considerations: whether Kennedy's Chappaquiddick experience would be as much a liability as Eagleton's shock treatments and the impact on Kennedy's career if a McGovern-Kennedy ticket were to lose to Nixon.

Unaware of McGovern's overtures to Kennedy and buoyed by an outpouring of encouraging mail and calls, Eagleton had canceled his trip to the funeral and remained in Washington to prepare for his showdown meeting that night with McGovern. He still thought he had at least a slim chance to convince McGovern that he had become

well and favorably known, and that if McGovern stuck with him, the controversy would fade in a few weeks. One well-wisher was Eagleton's friend Senator Gaylord Nelson of Wisconsin, who phoned to congratulate him on his *Face the Nation* appearance. "You performed magnificently," Replied Eagleton: "Come on over and have a cup of coffee." When Nelson joined him, Eagleton rehearsed the lawyer-like brief he was readying for McGovern. Nelson listened, offered no advice. He shared the anguish of his two friends Eagleton and McGovern, who seemed bent on a collision course.

The Senate was in a late session when McGovern arrived about 7 p.m., walked up to Eagleton and suggested they meet in the Senate's Marble Room, a secluded lounge at the rear of the Sen-

ate chamber. Both men stopped at Nelson's desk and asked him to join them. McGovern and Eagleton sat side by side on a davenport, Nelson facing them in a stuffed chair. "They just wanted a good friend there," Nelson said later. "I didn't say a word."

Eagleton started to plead his cause. "I want you to know," he said to McGovern, "what I've been hearing. I know you have been hearing from other people differently, but this is what I've got." He opened a manila envelope, in which he carried polls and other documents to bolster his arguments; he spoke earnestly but unemotionally, and presented his case in 15 minutes. McGovern listened, offered his counterarguments on the danger of sidetracking the campaign for too long on the secondary issue of the vice-presidential can-

The New Nominee: No Longer "Half a Kennedy"

SARGENT SHRIVER has been patiently waiting on the sidelines for so long that his selection by default seems almost anticlimactic. In 1964 Lyndon Johnson was interested in having Shriver as his running mate if the Kennedy family had no objections. Shriver's wife Eunice, the most vigorous of the Kennedy sisters, was quick to set the record straight. "No," she reportedly said, "it's Bob's turn." Kennedy Aide Ken O'Donnell was even blunter. He sent word to Shriver that if any Kennedy clansman was going to run for Vice President, it would be Bobby, not "half a Kennedy." Four years later Hubert Humphrey wanted Shriver to accompany him on the Democratic ticket but turned instead to Ed Muskie, partly because, as Humphrey puts it, the family made it plain that they had no interest in a Shriver nomination.

Shriver is the first to realize how much his membership by marriage in the Kennedy family has both plagued and promoted his political career. He is, in fact, the maverick in-law, an ambitious man whose efforts to go his own way have created a longstanding coolness between himself and some of the Kennedy family members. Not that he can or even wants to shake the ties that bind him to the charismatic Kennedy image. Kennedys or no Kennedys, Sargent Shriver would be seeking a high position. "For 250 years my family has been in public office," he says. "We've always been bankers, businessmen, public officials. It's a natural thing." The Shriver pride is an inherited trait. "We're nicer than the Kennedys," his mother once said. "We've been here since the 1600s. We're rooted in the land in Maryland."

Shrivers fought in the French and Indian War and the Revolutionary War; one ancestor, David Shriver, was a member of the original Bill of Rights

Congress, and Sargent's grandfather rode with Jeb Stuart in the Confederate cavalry. Son of a banker, Robert Sargent Shriver Jr. was born in Westminster, Md., where the nearby family homestead and grain mill, built in 1797, is now a museum run by the Shriver Foundation. Sargent prepped at Canterbury School, New Milford, Conn., went on to graduate *cum laude* from Yale. As editor of the *Yale Daily News*, Shriver, a Catholic, once proudly described himself as "Christian, Aristotelian, optimist and American." After graduating from Yale law school, he joined the Navy and fought the war on battleships and in submarines in both the Atlantic and the Pacific.

Working in New York after the war,

he met toothy, tawny-haired Eunice Kennedy at a cocktail party. Joseph P. Kennedy, impressed with his daughter's handsome, 6-ft. suitor, offered young Sarge a job at his Merchandise Mart in Chicago. Shriver accepted and eventually moved up to assistant general manager of the Mart; he wed the boss's daughter in 1953, and they settled down

HARRY REDL—BLACK STAR



didate. He wanted to be made certain that Eagleton's health was no longer a problem. Eagleton called the Mayo Clinic, told one of his doctors: "Now I'm going to put George McGovern on the line." Eagleton withdrew to chat with Nelson, while McGovern talked with the doctor for 15 minutes. Eagleton placed a similar call to St. Louis Psychiatrist Frank Shobe, handed the phone to McGovern and withdrew again.

McGovern was satisfied with the doctors' opinion that Eagleton had fully recovered. But he still contended that the Eagleton controversy would linger too long. Reluctantly, Eagleton yielded to McGovern's view that his candidacy would handicap the ticket. As Eagleton explained later: "This was a judgment on which reasonable men could differ." The 100-minute meeting was low-key,

despite the high stakes for both men. Said Nelson: "There was not a single hint of harshness from either of them. What the hell, they like each other."

Stepping into a jammed and klieg-lit Senate Caucus Room, McGovern and Eagleton faced the press. McGovern praised Eagleton as "a talented, able United States Senator whose ability will make him a prominent figure in American politics for many, many years." He termed Eagleton's health "excellent," but said that any continued debate "will serve to further divide the party and the nation. Therefore we have agreed that the best course is for Senator Eagleton to step aside."

Perspiring heavily and trembling slightly, Eagleton acknowledged the "thousands and thousands of people" who had urged him "to press on," but

continued: "My personal feelings are secondary to the necessity to unify the Democratic Party and elect George McGovern as the next President of the United States." Interrupted by warm applause at one point, he smiled wanly and joked: "Wait, the best is yet to come." Added Eagleton gamely: "Senator McGovern is an eminently reasonable man. He has been fair to me. I haven't been bamboozled or intimidated or any such thing." Thus did Eagleton bow out, admirably hiding any feelings of torment or tragedy (see page 20). Yet despite all of the trappings of gentility, this was a cold political execution.

TUESDAY. Now the search for a replacement could begin in earnest and publicly—all too publicly, many would argue. McGovern asked for 15 minutes of prime television time on the grounds

in a 14-room duplex. Shriver's energetic involvement in local affairs, most notably as president of the Chicago board of education for five years, prompted some polls to tout him as a promising candidate for the 1964 Illinois gubernatorial race. Chicago Mayor Richard Daley, however, dashed Shriver's hopes when he let it be known that he was supporting the Democratic incumbent, Otto Kerner. It was the first of Shriver's several disappointing attempts to run for elective office.

In 1960 Shriver left Chicago to join the presidential campaign of his brother-in-law, John F. Kennedy, as an adviser. Described by Theodore White in *The Making of the President 1960* as "the gentlest and warmest of the Kennedy clan," Sargent was appointed director of the newly formed Peace Corps the following year. He reluctantly ac-

cepted the job, he says, only after J.F.K. told him that "everyone in Washington thought that the Peace Corps was going to be the biggest fiasco in history, and that it would be easier to fire a relative than a friend." Shriver developed the corps into one of the U.S.'s most successful and fastest growing peacetime agencies. In his first two years on the job, he logged 350,000 miles visiting corps outposts, learned to sleep sitting up in a Jeep, ate countless helpings of stomach-churning local dishes, developed three cases of dysentery, and bravely insisted all the while that "I have the best damn job in Government." In 1964, at the behest of Lyndon Johnson, Shriver took on the additional job of director of the Office of Economic Opportunity. A realist, Shriver said at the time that the all-out war on poverty was and would continue to be "noisy, visible, dirty, uncomfortable and sometimes politically unpopular." Shriver's performance in that war won him valuable battle ribbons as a friend of the poor and disaffected. When he left the Peace Corps, some 1,500 former staffers and volunteers crowded a huge Shriver-a-go-go farewell party: at one high point, Harry Belafonte called from the stage: "We'll miss you, baby."

Appointed U.S. Ambassador to France in 1968, Shriver continued his frenetic pace on the foreign front. Says one observer of the Shriver style: "He thought it was better to try 50 things and succeed in 30 of them than to try ten and succeed in ten." Some things did succeed. Helped by Nixon's admiration for De Gaulle, the acerbated diplomatic relations between the U.S. and France became better than they had been in more than a decade. The fact that Shriver was the only Kennedy man to stay on during the Johnson and Nixon Administrations did not, however, improve his relations with the family back home. When Bobby Kennedy announced his presidential candidacy in 1968, many clan members, especially Bobby's wife Ethel, were miffed because

Shriver did not promptly return home to join the campaign. Two years later, when Shriver resigned his ambassadorship with the hope of possibly running for Bobby's New York Senate seat, the family reacted with a firm no. "Ethel," says one Kennedy aide, "couldn't abide the thought of Shriver in Bobby's old Senate seat."

Turning to his home state of Maryland, Shriver campaigned briefly in 1970 as an undeclared gubernatorial candidate against the Democratic incumbent, Marvin Mandel, who proved too securely dug in to be challenged. To keep visible, Shriver accepted the petition of more than 100 Democratic Congressmen to head up a group called the Congressional Leadership for the Future. For the four months before the 1970 election, Shriver visited 32 states stumping vigorously for the election of 80 Democratic candidates for Congress, everywhere calling Nixon "King Richard" and Agnew "the nation's great divider."

After the election, Shriver became a partner in the law firm of Fried, Frank, Harris, Shriver & Kampelman. A charmer in a Cardin suit and Gucci loafers (he has made the top-ten best-dressed lists), he surprised some of his associates by putting in long hours and energetically taking on such vital but generally shunned jobs as recruiting top law students for the firm. "At first," says one partner, "I thought he was a lot of smooth oil. Now I'm very high on him."

One of his problems will be making the most of the Kennedy image while still remaining his own independent man. The shadow is not easy to shake. A few years ago, in an effort to inspire one of his five children to work harder at his studies, Shriver explained that "when Abraham Lincoln was your age, he walked twelve miles back and forth to school every day." "That's nothing," the boy replied. "When Uncle Jack was your age, he was President of the United States."



SHRIVER WEDDING (1953)
WITH PEACE CORPS IN BORNEO (1962)
AS ALTAR BOY IN WESTMINSTER (1921)
LEAVING PARIS WITH FAMILY (1970)



MICHAEL C. WITTE FOR TIME

McGOVERN & THE RELUCTANT CANDIDATES: KENNEDY, HUMPHREY, MUSKIE, STEVENSON, ASKEW, CHURCH, RIBICOFF

that his detailed explanation of the vice-presidential quandary was of national concern. The networks turned him down when they learned he would not announce a new candidate. The effect was to make McGovern appear even more indecisive; in fact he still wanted: Ted Kennedy.

All this day, McGovern went through the motions of telephoning various political and labor officials for their advice on a new candidate. McGovern returned to his Senate duties long enough to make a pitch for one of his main campaign themes: holding down the defense budget. But he suffered a sharp defeat as his amendment to cut the budget by \$4 billion was smothered 59-33; 19 Democrats voted with the Administration. Then, by dining with Larry O'Brien and their wives at Washington's Jockey Club restaurant, McGovern sparked rumors that his campaign manager would be the new candidate. But repeatedly, he called Kennedy. "This is very flattering," said Kennedy at one point, but his answer was still no. It was a wearisome day; at midafternoon McGovern slumped into a Senate chair next to Muskie and confided: "I'm exhausted from what's happened in the last 48 hours."

WEDNESDAY. The McGovern staff circulated a laundry list of possible candidates, and various staffers were assigned to check them out for any potential embarrassments out of their past. The names included Sargent Shriver, Wisconsin Governor Patrick Lucey, Boston Mayor Kevin White, Ohio Governor John Gilligan. But McGovern had decided he wanted someone of national reputation to help heal the scars; he could no longer afford the luxury of a fresh face. If he could not get Kennedy, he wanted his old friend Connecticut Senator Abraham Ribicoff; if not Ribicoff, then Humphrey; if not Humphrey, then Askev; if not Askev, then Muskie. The joke went round the Senate that McGovern had posted a sign in the cloakroom: "Anybody willing to serve as my vice-presidential candidate please call the following number."

Lying in bed reading a newspaper at 7:15 a.m., Ribicoff got a telephone

call from McGovern, who was approaching him in a most roundabout way. "He asked me would I talk to Kennedy," Ribicoff said. "George thought there was a little uncertainty in Kennedy's refusal." A longtime Kennedy loyalist, Ribicoff phoned Kennedy in McLean, Va., detected no doubt at all in Kennedy's refusal. Abe called George back, reported the rejection. McGovern brought up Muskie, Humphrey, Shriver. Ribicoff said he liked them all, and the conversation ended.

At 8:15 a.m. Ribicoff's phone rang again—and again it was McGovern. "Before even talking to these other fellows," said George, "I came back to the senior Senator from Connecticut as my choice." Replied Ribicoff: "Gee, George, you know how I feel about it. I'm going to do everything I can to help you in the campaign. But I want my independence. I want to be master of my own destiny. I have no further ambitions. The vice presidency is a miserable job. Every Vice President I've known has been a frustrated, miserable man." Ribicoff also had private reasons: two days later he married Lois Mathes of Miami (his first wife died last April).

Again, almost desperately now, McGovern pleaded with Kennedy. Not unkindly, Kennedy said to a friend Wednesday afternoon: "It's difficult for George McGovern to take no for an answer." Finally, McGovern more or less gave up and began to court Humphrey. The Senate was working late on end-the-war amendments, on which each vote could prove decisive, when McGovern talked to Majority Leader Mike Mansfield about a mildly embarrassing problem: since he did not rate high in Senate seniority, McGovern enjoyed no hideaway where he could talk secretly with prospective candidates. Mansfield slipped McGovern his key ring: the candidate could use Mansfield's plush room just off the Senate chamber.

McGovern caught Humphrey's eye, motioned him to join him. "After this vote," Humphrey whispered. McGovern, just as persistent in his new chase, crawled over several Senators to whisper in Hubert's ear about Mansfield's room. Humphrey shook his head, point-

ed to the office of the Secretary of the Senate, which was closer. Then began a curious game in which George and Hubert tried to avoid press notice by entering and leaving the Senate chamber separately, taking different routes through various doors eventually leading to the Secretary's office, Room S-224. Once their timing was bad and, emerging from different doors, they collided and laughed sheepishly. "Whoops!" said Humphrey. The ritual was observed by TIME's Neil MacNeil, who asked Humphrey if he had been offered second place. "We are talking about some matters of mutual interest," beamed Humphrey. Actually, he had been asked and was firmly declining.

McGovern's pursuit of Humphrey continued on and off inside the Senate chamber. Finally, Humphrey candidly explained why he would not run. He said that he would do anything to help McGovern get elected and hoped to swing some of his followers to McGovern's cause. He had enjoyed talking to McGovern again after the long primary battles. "Just to be his buddy again was a wonderful reward for me." But he added: "Imagine Hubert Humphrey on that ticket, and then you start showing the things we disagree on. Or poor old Hubert, he just had to get on. He just couldn't remain off. He smelled the sawdust again and there he's in the ring. Well, bull. I don't need to be in the ring. I'm just not going to leave myself open to any more humiliating, debilitating exposure. I don't want anything from George. There isn't a single thing he can give me, not one damn thing. And I can maybe help him in a way that nobody else can because I know a lot of people who say they aren't for him."

THURSDAY. Now McGovern's original list was dwindling, but some new names had appeared. As he sat down to breakfast with Humphrey, it was to seek Hubert's advice about such other figures as Shriver, Askev and Idaho Senator Frank Church. Humphrey immediately pushed Shriver but, he recalled, "George wanted to try Askev." McGovern placed a call to the Florida Governor, who was about to leave on vacation for North Carolina. Askev

asked for time to consider, and McGovern reached him again in midafternoon in Asheville, N.C. Askew then declined on grounds that there was too much he wanted to accomplish in Florida.

So, on to the fifth target of the week: Muskie. McGovern had been miffed at Muskie since the Democratic Convention, where he thought Muskie had been unduly eager to stop the McGovern drive, even when Muskie was totally out of contention. McGovern could forgive Humphrey, because Hubert had had some chance to win. Otherwise, Muskie might not have been this far down on the list.

Nevertheless, by now McGovern wanted Muskie badly enough to reverse protocol: instead of summoning the prospective candidate, McGovern, unnoticed by newsmen, drove out to Muskie's Bethesda house. He arrived at 9:30 p.m. He had wanted to come earlier, but Muskie had put him off: his daughter was cooking dinner for him and would be there until about 9. Muskie, wearing a turtleneck sweater and slacks, was listening to a recording of Bernstein's *Mass*. "It's O.K.," quipped Catholic Muskie to Methodist McGovern. "You don't have to genuflect." Muskie gave him a tour of the house, which McGovern had never seen before. Then they sat for two hours in Muskie's study, Ed behind the massive desk he had used as Governor of Maine. The two had never been socially close, and Muskie did not think to offer George a drink. "Does he drink?" Muskie later asked TIME Correspondent John Austin. (He does, but not often.)

McGovern opened by indicating the type of candidate he wanted: someone who could command wide support among his followers and whom the nation could readily accept as a potential President. He said that he hoped to expand the duties of the Vice President so as to involve him actively in both foreign and domestic policy. Muskie readily agreed that the Vice President must not "just participate by sitting there, but be actually involved" in policymaking.

As the two men puffed on Phillies cigars, Muskie candidly expressed some reservations about the job. "I have to ask myself, 'Can I bring a fresh attitude to the vice-presidential job?'" Muskie explained later. "Can it be sufficiently interesting to run for it again?" He noted that the staffs of the two men "have been in a posture of confrontation all year—rightfully and understandably. But can they be merged? There's still some bitterness on both sides." Muskie mentioned "the attitude of my wife and family. Can they crank themselves up again? They've been through a traumatic experience this year." Finally, he wondered if he and McGovern could work together closely enough. "There must be a relationship of mutual understanding and confidence to override all the little, petty, nit-picking friction points that are bound to develop in any campaign."

As the meeting broke up, both men agreed to talk further after Muskie had had time to consider. "This has been one of the most difficult periods of my life," confided McGovern as he was leaving. "I'm determined to take enough time to make the right decision." Replied Muskie: "So am I, George."

FRIDAY. When Muskie awoke at 7 a.m. and stepped outside to get his morning newspaper, he recalled, "there were the goddam reporters waiting outside." Instead of going to his Senate office, Muskie summoned his top staff men to his house. For nearly four hours he huddled with them, making calls to Senator Hart, Iowa Senator Harold Hughes and Arizona Congressman Morris Udall. He had already called his wife Jane in Kennebunk Beach, Me., and she urged him not to accept.

Muskie then surprised newsmen by grabbing an overnight bag and catching a plane to Maine to discuss the matter with Jane. On the flight, he talked further to TIME's Austin. He differed

layers thick by now. But she is more sensitive to it all, especially to what the press said about me being indecisive, wishy-washy and what not. I'm going to talk to Jane. I can tell you this. If she says no, I won't do it." Interrupted by callers offering advice, Ed and Jane found themselves still discussing the matter past midnight. He finally went to bed, still undecided.

SATURDAY. Muskie awoke at 6:30 a.m. and concentrated on the problem. By 7 a.m. his mind was made up. "I could have called George then, but I wanted to give him a chance for a decent night's rest," he related. He placed the call at 8:30 a.m., explained to McGovern that he had to turn the offer down. It was, he told a press conference, "a family decision, not a political decision." Looking relieved, he later told Austin, referring to the vice presidency: "Well, that should kill the snake. The goddam thing keeps popping up, but that should finally finish it."

Within a few hours after learning

TON REGAN—CAMERA 5



SHRIVER ACCEPTS CONGRATULATIONS ON CAPE COD AFTER SELECTION
Just what George needed—somebody with zip.

with McGovern on some issues, and he wondered "just how far the Vice President can disagree in public with the President." He thought, on the other hand, the public might like a Veep who "is not a carbon copy of the President." Was he irked at being McGovern's fifth choice this week? "No, I'm not egotistical enough to think I'm the only option open to George McGovern."

Muskie opened a newspaper, read his horoscope for the day, and laughed heartily. It said: "Being calm and affectionate fills a great need in your family circle. There is little to gain in rushing around in unfamiliar places." He talked solemnly of how his wife has "taken our declining fortunes this year much harder than I have. She can't seem to forget that at one point she became an issue." I'm tough. I've got a hide six

*Jane Muskie was criticized for allegedly liking pre-dinner cocktails and salty jokes in an article reprinted in the Manchester, N.H., *Union Leader*. This led to Muskie's denouncing its publisher, William Loeb, in a tearful speech.

of Muskie's rejection, McGovern put through the call to Shriver. Since the acceptance was already assured, the conversation was brief. Said McGovern: "Senator Muskie has reached a decision that, principally for family reasons, he feels it would be inappropriate for him to be on the ticket. I'm calling you now, Sarge. You remember our conversation of yesterday. I want to know if you still feel the same way, and if you're still willing to make the race with me." Said Shriver: "Yes." Later Shriver told TIME Correspondent Dean Fischer that he "never really thought I'd be the first person asked. My brother-in-law would have been a wonderful candidate. I figured when Senator Muskie was asked, I didn't really expect to be asked. I'm just happy the others were unable to accept."

The choice of Shriver adds to the ticket a man with an unusual blend of contrasting qualities. Shriver is relatively well known, yet has none of the re-

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tread aura of having run for office before; politically, he is a fresh face. He has ties with wealth and big business through the Kennedys and his former executive role at Chicago's Merchandise Mart. His Peace Corps work may appeal to the young and his antipoverty work to blacks. The Peace Corps experience and the ambassadorship to France have given him some insight into world affairs. He is a livelier speaker than McGovern, and an innovative thinker: running OEO, he inaugurated Head Start, community medical centers and legal services to the poor. As Humphrey noted last week, "Sarge is just what George needs—somebody with enthusiasm, somebody with zip."

Salvage. The official selection of Shriver was to be made by the Democratic National Committee this week in Washington. A few days before it met, the committee's makeup was still not entirely certain. It was not wholly controlled by McGovern supporters, and there were disputes over just who would be eligible to vote. There was even some apprehension that credentials challenges would be renewed—and some Democrats worried that more embarrassing quarrels could erupt. However, as the national networks geared themselves to cover the meeting with much the same intensity they focused on a Miami Beach convention, it seemed likely that the party would put on a show of unity. Declared a nervous Frank Mankiewicz: "People who do not learn from history are doomed to repeat it on prime time."

There is no doubt that the party has been seriously set back by its incredible two-week ordeal over the vice-presidential candidate. Conceded Gary Hart: "It's our darkest hour. Only time will tell how badly we've been hurt." One sign of the troubles came in a survey by Cambridge Opinion Studies, which showed that McGovern's candidacy—even apart from the Eagleton controversy—was so far leading to large-scale defections by Jewish voters in New York State, and that McGovern, at the moment, would lose to Nixon there by 51% to 43%. No successful Democratic candidate for President has failed to carry New York since Harry Truman in 1948.

All of the McGovern aides admit that their campaign has lost its post-convention momentum and that its fund-raising has been stalled; some 1.5 million letters will begin going into the mails this week. They contend that organizational work has been continuing, however, and that a voter-registration drive is proceeding on schedule. Argues Hart: "Once our ticket gets moving, a lot of this will be gone, if not forgotten." Indeed, the early travail could be submerged by other events and issues as the campaign moves on toward November. Yet the fumbling start had knocked much of the glow of a new political movement off the McGovern candidacy. The most difficult immediate

task may be to regenerate enthusiasm among McGovern's followers.

No one was more aware of his campaign needs than George McGovern. He moved swiftly to try to salvage something out of the debacle by adroitly using the free TV announcement time to attack Nixon. He urged Americans to join the Democrats in making a "choice of the century—between your hopes and your fears—between today's America and the one you want for your children." The Nixon Administration, he charged, represents "the belief that political power exists to serve private power," and has presided for four years "over a continued deterioration in the conditions of American life"; it has failed to stop the war, reform welfare, make streets safer or the air cleaner. "Our land is being ravaged, while our cities become more painful and dangerous. It is almost as if we had turned our own creations against us—had forgotten that the purpose of wealth and power is not to increase itself, but to enlarge the happiness of the individual."

There will be many other addresses and many other forums for both parties to debate and inspire before November. But both incumbent and candidate are right in agreeing that there is a genuine choice to be made between Richard Nixon and George McGovern. It was high time to get on with weighing that choice and its political consequences on the merits of men and issues.

Eagleton: After the Fall

"Charley! How 'bout that for the shortest campaign in history... Naw, I'm not a bit down in the dumps about it..."

"Hello, Joseph... I like short campaigns... I've got nothing but smiles... It was an interesting week, to say the least..."

"No, no, Congressman... Give him all the help you can... We need a new President."

STEVE MORTHEF



AFTERWARDS: THE EAGLETONS IN NEW YORK; TOM TAKING CALLS
It was a judgment on which reasonable men could—and did—differ.

Feet propped on his desk in the New Senate Office Building, cradling the phone as he took calls from friends, political associates and downright strangers, ex-Nominee Tom Eagleton was probably more relaxed than he had ever been during his frenetic political career. Gone were the trembles that sometimes appeared during his brief and furious reign on the Democratic ticket. At times his manner was a bit too bluff and hearty, sometimes wistful, but rarely if ever self-pitying. "For seven days in a row, I was under the greatest pressure I've ever been in my life," he told *TIME*'s Jess Cook with a certain satisfaction. "Being my own teacher, I give myself passing, indeed very high marks."

Eagleton's sudden rise and fall in national Democratic politics was one of the odder chapters of recent American politics, surely sufficiently swift to give any man the psychic bends. In his cheeriness, there was some suggestion that Eagleton himself might have had doubts about his ability to take the strain. But overall, he endured his abrupt anointment and excommunication with thoroughbred resilience. As he left the Senate after his final session with McGovern, Eagleton insisted upon shaking hands with a dozen onlookers on the street: "Goodnight folks. Vote for McGovern."

When he reached his white brick house in suburban Bethesda, Md., he found that his wife Barbara had coolly organized a gathering. "I have a long skirt on and the dog has a bow," she said determinedly. "We are going to have a party tonight." She passed cheese and crackers while the Senator circulated with small talk among 65 friends and neighbors who stopped by. He also warned his staff to avoid any sniping at McGovern. Said he: "I am not critical of anything in this experience in the past week."

Back home in Missouri, Eagleton's political allies took the whole episode with less equanimity. A few talked angrily of organizing a draft-Eagleton

move this week when the Democratic National Committee meets to ratify his successor. It seemed that if anything, Eagleton's position was considerably strengthened in his home state, where he is up for re-election in 1974. "If the election were held today," said an aide to Governor Warren Hearnes, "Tom would be elected unanimously." At the same time, Eagleton's departure from the ticket unquestionably diminishes McGovern's chances of carrying the state.

Ordeal. From across the nation, Eagleton received an extraordinary outpouring of support and sympathy. His office reported that 98% of the initial calls and letters were favorable.* That flood was doubtless enhanced by Columnist Jack Anderson's public apology and retraction of charges he had made that Eagleton had a history of arrests for drunken driving.

Eagleton himself seemed philosophical. Said he: "I never had the burning ambition to be President that some people have. I'm not a Kennedy in that regard. My be-all and end-all since I was eleven was to get to the U.S. Senate." Should he ever be unexpectedly tapped again, he joked: "The first thing I'm going to do is ask, 'Do you know about my health problem?'" He also admitted to a vast relief that his history is now out in the open and no longer something hidden and always threatening his present.

All along, the Eagletons worried about the effect on their two children, Christie, 9, and Terry, 13. So far there seem to be no scars. Says Barbara Eagleton: "Christie has been a blithe spirit. The only thing she knows is that her social life has escalated fantastically. She's the most popular person in our neighborhood. Terry is at camp, where there's almost a news blackout." Tom called his son there to advise him to ignore any teasing he might receive and reported: "It sounded perfect. He's not thinking about me, he's thinking about scavenger hunts."

Hours after his ordeal ended, Eagleton wryly told a TV audience: "I'm not going to go around the country giving lectures on mental health." But after a day's reflection, he remarked that he might devote some of his future time in the Senate to promoting the cause of mental health. For the present, he looked forward to a previously planned vacation at Delaware's Bethany Beach, then some campaigning in the fall for the Democratic ticket.

By week's end his transition back to the relative privacy of a Senator's life was almost complete. His appointments schedule promised eventually to subside to a more sedate routine, and Eagleton's atmosphere had cleared like the aftermath of a severe and flukish summer storm.

*TIME discovered that, ironically, one group that did not support the idea of Eagleton for Vice President was made up of other former victims of depression who themselves have received shock treatments (see BEHAVIOR).

REPUBLICANS

Watergate, Contd.

The case had begun to resemble a dinner party at which the silverware starts disappearing. A certain taut silence has descended, but one cannot help noticing an embarrassing bulge in one of the guests' dinner jackets. No one was making any official accusations yet, but in the midst of a curious non-cooperation from the White House and the Committee for the Re-Election of the President, the suspicion grew that someone not far from the center of Republican power in Washington had engineered the Watergate Caper.

It began on the night of June 17 when police arrested five men as they tried to install or remove electronic bugging devices in the Democratic National Committee headquarters in Washington's Watergate complex. One of the men, James W. McCord Jr., was the former security coordinator for the Committee for the Re-Election of the President. Two of the intruders carried papers linking them to E. Howard Hunt Jr., a former White House consultant who worked closely with the C.R.P. security men. Since then, the case has been quietly burgeoning into the most intriguing and potentially volatile mystery of the election year. At least two former White House aides seem to be involved in the plot, and federal investigators have learned that a total of \$114,000 in money from the Committee for the Re-Election of the President found its way into the Miami bank account of Bernard Barker, the leader of the Watergate Five and an ex-CIA agent.

Plumber. The Justice Department has discovered that \$25,000 of the money was gathered by Kenneth H. Dahlberg, the Republican finance chairman in the Midwest, who told the FBI he had collected the cash from G.O.P. contributors early in April. He converted it into a \$25,000 cashier's check on April 10, and the next day gave the check to Maurice Stans, the former Commerce Secretary who is now Nixon's national finance chairman. Stans, who is expected to be called soon to testify before the grand jury investigating the case, has reportedly explained that he dropped the \$25,000 into the C.R.P.'s campaign chest and does not know what happened to it after that.

On April 20, according to the Justice Department, Barker deposited the \$25,000 check in his bank account, along with \$89,000 he apparently also received from the C.R.P. by way of a Mexican intermediary. On April 25, Barker withdrew \$25,000 from the account. During this period, the FBI has learned, Barker also made several phone calls to the C.R.P. The calls were placed to telephones used by G. Gordon Liddy, who was then the attorney for the C.R.P.'s finance committee. Liddy was fired by the C.R.P. after he re-



"Oops!"

fused to answer the questions of FBI agents investigating the Watergate bugging. The man who dismissed him, former Nixon Campaign Manager John Mitchell, left the campaign a few days later because, he said, his wife Martha wanted him out of politics. Liddy had worked in the White House with Hunt, a former CIA agent who has also refused to respond to FBI questions. Hunt left the White House last spring. Before they apparently moved into political surveillance, Liddy and Hunt were part of a White House team known as "the plumbers," because they were assigned to investigate the source of leaks to the press like that of the Pentagon papers. Indeed, an office that Liddy worked out of for a time was whimsically adorned with a sign saying PLUMBER. Another former White House aide, Hugh W. Sloan Jr., became treasurer of the C.R.P.'s finance committee last spring, then quit abruptly on July 14 as the FBI pushed its investigation.

In the C.R.P. campaign-contribution reports, the Justice Department has been unable to find any record of the \$25,000 cashier's check, nor is there any trace of the \$89,000. The records, if they ever existed, vanished by the time the agents came to examine them. Among other things, the investigation now raises additional questions about the tactics of the committee in preventing disclosure of the identity of wealthy donors during the campaign. A congressional act requiring such disclosure became effective April 7. But the C.R.P. received the \$25,000 check on April 11. According to the Justice Department, the C.R.P. now takes the position that the \$25,000 did not come under the law

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because, it claims, the actual donations were made before April 7.

Some investigators believe that the Watergate plot may have been hatched by the C.R.P.'s security unit—a thesis perhaps supported by the fact that McCord, one of the arrested raiders, was the C.R.P. security coordinator. For the moment, Justice Department investigators say that they have been having trouble getting many answers out of either the C.R.P. or the White House. Complain one official: "When we want to talk to a C.R.P. man, one of the committee's attorneys sits in on the interview. With the lawyer there, we seldom get complete answers. And things aren't much better at the White House."

POLITICS

The Headless Horseman

"I would like to look you in the eye and tell you that he wants to run," American Party Chairman T. Coleman Andrews Jr. told the 1,900 delegates to the party's first national convention in Louisville last week. "But he looked me in the eye and told me he was not physically able." Andrews then read a telegram from George Wallace in which the stricken Alabama Governor reaffirmed that he would not accept the nomination or a draft as the party's presidential candidate.

Wallace loyalists were having none of it, and vigorously mounted a "draft-Wallace" movement. Some of the zealots even suggested a conspiracy, charging that someone on Wallace's staff had forged the Sherman statement. "Wallace didn't tell me personally he wouldn't run," said one West Virginia delegate. "Anybody could have sent that telegram."

Chairman Andrews, fearing a pos-

sible outbreak of violence, arranged midway through the three-day convention for Wallace to again declare his non-candidacy via a telephone hookup to his bedside in the Spain Rehabilitation Center in Birmingham. The delegates, many of them with tears in their eyes, sat in somber silence as Wallace, his weak voice amplified through two loudspeakers, explained that "I have two open places still draining" and "another big pocket of infection." That convinced enough disbelievers to make the convention seem an exercise in futility.

The delegates nonetheless went through the motions. All but swallowed up in the cavernous Freedom Hall, they dressed in red, white and blue ensembles, sang along when the organist played *Yankee Doodle Boy* and *God Bless America*, and dutifully waved their placards (read one: THIS IS OUR COUNTRY AND WE AIM TO GET IT BACK —BUY LETTUCE AND GRAPES).

The party platform called for law-and-order, stronger antidrug legislation, more restrictive immigration laws, voluntary school prayer and restoration of full trade with the governments of Rhodesia and South Africa. Other planks opposed public housing, Women's Liberation, busing to achieve school integration, the "no win" tactics of limited wars and U.S. financing of "belligerence in the Middle East."

No amount of speechifying, however, could dim the fact that the American Party, founded three years ago and made up of various state parties that had backed Wallace in the 1968 presidential election, was what one dispirited conventioneer called a "headless horseman." The delegates nominated a lame-duck Republican Congressman from California named John Schmitz for President and Thomas Anderson, 61, conservative publisher of *Florida*

Grower and Rancher magazine for Vice President.

Schmitz, 42, a John Birchler who failed to regain the Republican nomination in the California primary in June, was succinct about his personal platform: "One—foreign. Never go to war unless you plan to win. Two—domestic. Those who go to work ought to live better than those who don't." The sentiments were familiar but, with George gone, the old fire was missing.

TRIALS

"One Sick Assassin"

It was Arthur Bremer's show all the way—just as he had planned. For a solid week he was the undeniable center of attention in a crowded courtroom in Prince George's County, Md. Pleading not guilty on grounds of insanity to the shooting of George Wallace, he smirked, joked, guffawed and occasionally stuck out his tongue as a parade of psychiatrists commented on his schizoid personality. His most dramatic moment came when a diary he had kept while stalking Wallace was read in court; he was so proud of it he had hoped to sell it to Time Inc. for \$100,000. It exposed the eerie inner world of the full-time loser determined to become "number one" by carrying out fantasies of violence. Though it seemed the handiwork of a madman, the jury took only an hour and 35 minutes to find Bremer sane—on narrow legal grounds—and guilty. In Maryland, to be judged insane a person must be unable to control his criminal behavior or unable to appreciate the criminality of his act. Bremer, as the diary makes clear, was all too well aware of what he was up to. When he was sentenced to 63 years in prison, he said that the prosecutor wanted society "to be protected from someone like me. But in my defense, I would sure like it if society had protected me from myself."

Written as he zigzagged about the U.S. and Canada trying to assassinate first President Nixon and then Wallace, the diary, replete with sometimes revealing misspellings, shows a deranged, crippled half-man in quest of his own destruction through that of another.

APRIL 7. New York City. Got a limousine for \$11 an hour (Nixon was in one today). I always carried my gun outside my hotel. I really felt good being stare at by the poor people. Took a taxi to the Waldorf Astoria and never got looked at by anyone.

APRIL 8. New York City. I decided to go to a massage parlor. I looked up their ratings in *Screw* newspaper, checked the ones I wanted and was going to 3 or 4 that night. I couldn't do it. I walked past a place and then got lost (on purpose maybe). I felt like I was going to get raped. Called the best place for a reservation and was told, "You just come in, sir."

APRIL 9. New York City. Bremer



AMERICAN PARTY NOMINEE JOHN SCHMITZ

DELEGATES IN LOUISVILLE

finally goes to the massage parlor. I picked out the blonde. A hairy character said, "Alga, you have a 1/2 session in studio 2." She led me into a room, locked it, turned the lights out and lit incense [sic]. Piped in music began. I handed her 3 tens and said we'd have to take it easy as I just ate lunch. I took off my vested business suit and overcoat and layed on my stomach, nude. I started some talk about a burglar alarm that was ringing and was ringing for the last 2 days. We talked about the weather.

I glided my hand over her back and side and rear for a closer inspection. "You're not supposed to do that." "What?" "Touch me." "Why?" "That's the rules." "Are you kidding?" I was thinking that she would be a thief not to return a part of the \$30. But she kept it & complimented me on my suit. I told her it was lousy (just a disguise to get close to Nixon. I wouldn't wear a ugly thing and spend \$70 plus for it for any other reason). She opened the door & I left without looking back, a mistake, a great mistake in my lifetime. Thought I'm still a virgin. I went to the West Side Airlines Terminal. I had to meet Nixon in Ottawa by the 13th (his arrival). The trip was lousy. A fat boring sheltered and fascinated high school student. I waited 30 minutes for dinner & when I got it, last in the whole plane, we had turbulence & the "fasten seat belts" sign went on.

APRIL 10. Bremer drives from Milwaukee to Ottawa. At a Wisconsin gas station I asked each station attendant if he heard anything about Nixon going to Canada. No, they were to busy to read a paper. They must of smelled too much gasoline & it ruined their brains. He crosses into Canada with weapons hidden in his car. I instantly lost all respect for the Big Bad Canadian Customs. Could of had enough guns to start a revolution and 12 pigmies to carry it all on their heads. I did over 90 once or twice—danger gave me an erection.

In Ottawa, Bremer waits, a revolver in his pocket, for Nixon's motorcade to pass. Fantasied killing Nixon while shooting right over the shoulder of that cop. Everyone moved in close. He went by before I knew it. Like a snap of the fingers. I had missed him that day. A woman, middle-age, gave me an anti-war anti-Nixon leaflet. You stupid bitch, stop this useless accomplish-nothing form of protest, let the security slacken & I'll show you something really effective. Tons of leaflets have been handed out all over the world for years & what did they get done?

While standing outside the U.S. embassy, Bremer watches a Mountie photograph a group of noisy demonstrators. He should have photographed the quiet ones. Never pointed his camera at



BREMER (FOURTH FROM RIGHT) STALKING PRESIDENT NIXON IN OTTAWA



MICHAEL SPITALE



TV FILM OF BREMER SHOOTING GEORGE WALLACE

AT A WALLACE RALLY IN WHEATON, MD.

me. I thought about killing as many SS men as I could. Something to show for my efforts, right in front of Nixon.

I saw what I thought to be the President's car. I went immediately to my hotel to get my gun. I stupidly took time to brush my teeth and change my suit. When I arrived back, the car was gone. Does the world remember if Sirhan's tie was on straight? That night Nixon went to a concert in his honor at the performing arts center. To wear white tie & tails & get Nixon—boy, Wow!

APRIL 24. Back in Milwaukee This will be one of the most closely read pages since the scrolls in those cave. I want something to happen. All my efforts and just another goddam failure. My fuse is about burnt. I've had it. I'm tired of writing about it, about what I was gonna do, about what I failed to do. What I failed to do again & again.

MAY 4. Milwaukee. Saw "Clockwork Orange" and thought about getting Wallace all thru the picture. Fantasizing myself as the Alek but without "my brothers." Just "a little of the old ultra violence." I've decided Wallace would have the honor of—what would you call it? It seems I would have done better for myself to kill old G-man Hoover. In death he lays with Presidents. They

never heard of Wallace in Russia or anyplace. Editors will say: "Wallace dead? Who cares." If something big in Nam flares up, it'll end up at the bottom of the first page. He won't get more than three minutes on the network T.V. news. The whole country is going liberal. I can see it in McGovern. The radio commercial says you've got a lot to live. Yeah, a week. Funny, I got nothing to say. Have I ever said anything?

MAY 7. Milwaukee. Yesterday I even considered McGovern. I have to kill somebody; that's how far gone I am. It bothers me that there are about 30 guys in prison now who threatened the Pres & we never heard a thing about 'em. Maybe what they need is organization. How about a "Make the First Lady a Widow, Inc." or "Chicken in Every Pot and Bullet in Every Head, Inc."?

MAY 8. Milwaukee. I am one sick assassin. Really would feel better if Michigan had a death penalty. How will I spend my time in my little cell? I'm gonna get convicted. Similar to Sirhan.

MAY 14. Kalamazoo, Mich. One day before shooting Wallace, he writes the last words of his diary: My cry upon firing will be "A penny for your thoughts." Copyright 1972. All rights reserved. Arthur H. Bremer.

RACES

Flexible Survival

The National Urban League held its annual conference in St. Louis last week. Joe Boyce of TIME's Chicago bureau attended. His report:

Like middle-aged matrons insisting on class reunions in a futile attempt to recapture the promise and excitement of their youth, civil rights organizations whose glory lies in the 1960s still schedule annual conventions, where they adopt resolutions and issue proclamations. The massive white money and support that backed the civil rights successes of the 1960s just is not present any more—owing to a combination of black separatism, white disillusionment and the economic pinch. In his keynote speech, the executive director of the National Urban League, Vernon Jordan, 37, sounded a gloomy note: "At the very moment that a broad national commitment is needed to bring about parity between white citizens and the black and brown minority, the nation has instead embarked upon a policy of retrenchment, withdrawal and defeatism."

Programs. His Urban League has resisted the downward trend. Financed by money from still optimistic and affluent whites and middle- and upper-middle-class blacks, as well as federal and private foundation grants, the league is emerging as the civil rights organization best equipped to survive the '70s. Based upon flexibility, its survival recognizes that demonstrations accomplish little, violence nothing. The ballot box and a well-organized program are the tools that shape success. It is a survival that acknowledges that whites control the economy of the U.S., including the major financing of civil rights groups; exclusionary or separatist rhetoric is self-defeating.

So when some 5,000 delegates, most of them black, assembled in St. Louis, the profile was low-key, the rhetoric subdued. The convention was a chance for black leaders to get acquainted or meet for the first time, to discuss their common or uncommon problems, to do some morale-building. Participants attended workshops on such matters as minority-business development, prison reform and national health programs. The league announced four new programs: one will prod heads of U.S. corporations to take a more active interest in minority affairs, get involved in the ghetto, re-examine their hiring and promotion policies. Another project will investigate and try to remove the hindrances to black participation in politics—the restricted hours for voter registration, the hostile attitudes of many registrars, the inconvenient locations of places of registration. A third program, started with a planning grant from the National Institutes of Health, will educate young people in the ghetto on the dangers of drug-taking.



JULIAN BOND IN ST. LOUIS
Targeting the 18-year-olds.

The final program is a voter-registration drive—the first undertaken by the league in its 62-year history. Funded by \$1 million donated by foundations, the campaign will be conducted in ten medium-size cities. A special target will be 18-year-old blacks in the ghetto. The league, however, is strictly nonpartisan, since it would lose its tax-exempt status if it made a political endorsement. Nevertheless, many of the conference participants voiced their displeasure with the Nixon Administration, and Georgia Legislator Julian Bond gave a speech calling for the President's defeat.

Jordan has stepped into a large pair of shoes. Many at the conference missed Whitney Young, whose energy seemed inexhaustible when it came to working for human rights—until his heart gave out while he was swimming in Nigeria in March 1971. Young, it turned out, had actually, if not intentionally, in



URBAN LEAGUE DIRECTOR JORDAN
Big shoes to fill.

some ways evolved a one-man organization because of his easy access to the talent and resources of the big board rooms of America.

Jordan has his own talents. He grew up in Atlanta in the first public-housing project for blacks, earned a law degree, ran the Southern Regional Council's Voter-Education Project and was the highly successful head of the United Negro College Fund. While Jordan was with the fund, Young asked him to become his assistant. Vernon replied that he would not become anyone's deputy. Said Young: "The only other job for you here is mine, and it's not vacant yet."

When, with tragic suddenness, the job did become vacant, Jordan took it. His first step was to decentralize. The league's 101 local affiliates were instructed to search out local needs. "In New York," says Jordan, "we can't decide what is most important to black people in Little Rock. The people in Little Rock have to decide that." He is working to broaden the leadership of the league so that it will include the poor and welfare recipients along with solidly established professionals. A resolution recently passed by the league's general assembly requires that at least 25% of affiliate and national board members be under 30.

Operations. While the league is the most successful civil rights organization now operating, it, too, has financial troubles. So far this year it is running a \$500,000 deficit. The league administers programs, many of them federal, that involve spending some \$60 million. Carrying out such programs on its \$4 million-a-year general operations budget, says Jordan, "is like me, standing 6 ft. 4 in. and weighing 236 lbs., wearing a size-2 shoe. I couldn't stand up. We need additional administrative overhead to enable us to carry on." In order to get fresh funds, the league is putting more emphasis on soliciting contributions, even approaching the children of generous supporters in the hope, says Jordan, "that they will do the right thing like their daddies." But the league expects that major fund-raising will continue to be done by outside supporters. Says Jordan: "We think it is better for people with power and money who believe in us to ask for money for us than for us to go and ask for it ourselves."

This leads to one of the oldest complaints against the league: that it is white-ruled and white-supported. Jordan insists that the league's policies have not softened under white pressure. The league has sharply attacked the Nixon Administration's stand on busing, for example. Still, the league is interested more in accomplishment than in taking stands, however well intended. "I don't think the civil rights movement of the 1970s is a headline-grabbing thing," says Jordan. "The conference is a reaffirmation of the integrated approach to the problems besetting this country."

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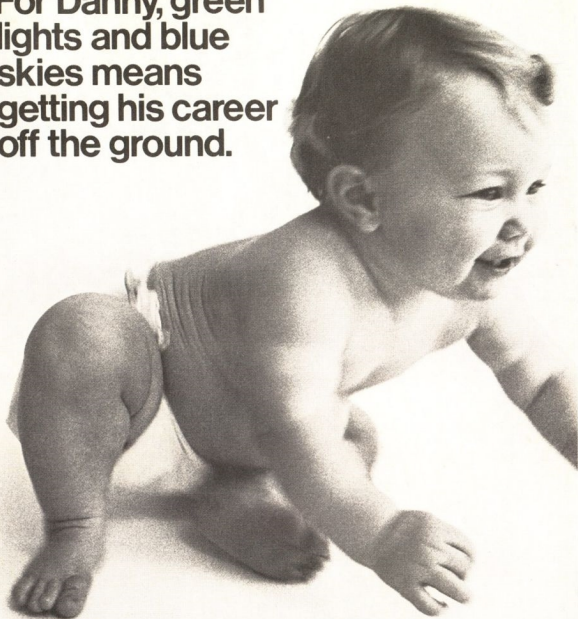
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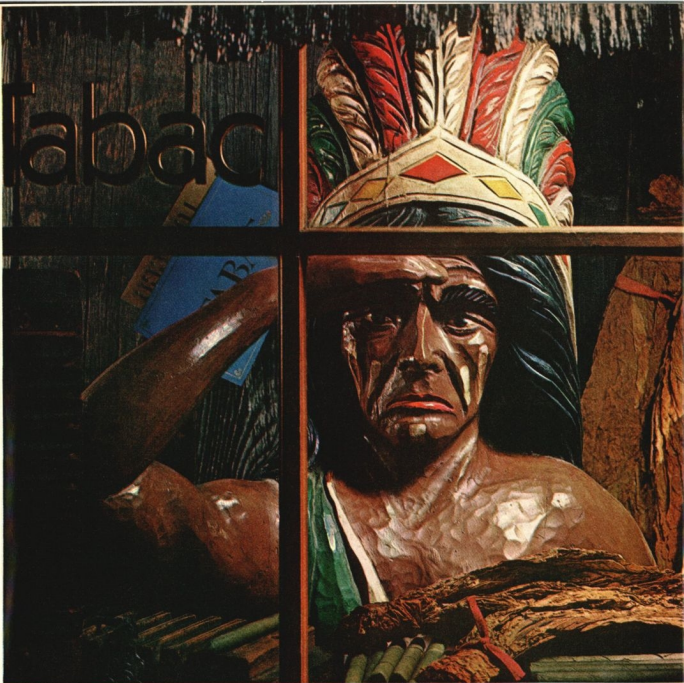
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BRITAIN

Not All Right Now, Jack

WAVING a scrap of paper over his head, British Home Secretary Robert Carr rose to speak in the House of Commons. "Message from the Queen, signed by her Majesty's own hand!" he shouted. The paper, which Carr had brought by boat and plane from the royal yacht *Britannia*, on which Queen Elizabeth II had been cruising off the west coast of Scotland, was a declaration of a national state of emergency. It was the fourth such declaration that Britain's Tory government has had to seek since coming to power two years ago. The cause this time: a nationwide strike by 42,000 dock workers, who were again proving that the nation that once ruled the waves is lucky nowadays if it can use its own ports.

The strike, called by Britain's truculent dockers to dramatize their frets about job security and Tory efforts to reform British labor practices (TIME, Aug. 7), affected some 600 ships that were either in or on their way to Britain's 40 major ports. Exports worth millions of dollars a day to the country's fragile economy piled up on idle piers, while thousands of tons of Guernsey tomatoes, grapes from Cyprus and Australian apples rotted in the ships' holds or were destroyed. British housewives, who vividly remember the three-week dock strike of 1970, stocked up on meat, fresh fruits and vegetables. Cattle feedlot operators worried that Britain had only a two-week supply of animal feed. Angry dock leaders predicted an "indefinite" strike, and it seemed possible that Prime Minister Edward Heath would have to call out troops to deal with what the Queen's order said was a threat to "deprive the community of the essentials of life." Subject to Parliament's approval this week, the declaration of a state of emergency will allow the government to requisition transport, control food prices and use troops to replace striking workers any time during the next 28 days.

Defiance. Since Heath's upset election in 1970, Britain has been pummeled by long strikes by dockers, electrical workers, postal and communications workers and coal miners, who forced large swatches of the country to do without heat or power for the better part of a rugged month last winter. Even before the dockers walked out again two weeks ago, Britain had already had enough strikes, wildcat walkouts, shutdowns, sitouts and other assorted stoppages to make 1972 the worst labor year since the great General Strike of 1926.

Not in years have Britain's usually

fractionated workmen been united in such a mood of disillusionment and defiance. The new mood promises to have profound impact on Britain's labor leaders (who are frequently ignored), on the country's entry into the Common Market (which is feared) and on the political system (which is deeply distrusted). The burst of labor outrage that followed the recent jailing of the "Pentonville Five" dockers on contempt-of-court charges was primarily aimed at Ted Heath's Tories, but the opposition Labor Party has not been immune. "As for the House of Commons," Bernie Holland, a porter at London's Covent Garden market, jeered last week, "in that club the Labor M.P.s are always getting up and apologizing for these unruly workers. We're all just the greedy, grasping workers."

An exultant London warehouseman told TIME Correspondent Friedel Ungeheuer: "It's finished, pitting workman against workman. We waved our little finger at the government and it had to give in"—a reference to the release of the Pentonville Five. A somewhat overdrawn cartoon on the cover of *Private Eye*, a satirical London fortnightly, captured the militant new mood. In it, a king-size Heath, wearing an army uniform, stands over a group of workers saying, "Back to work you bastards, or I'll shoot"; one of the workers answers, "Better dead than Ted."

Not long ago the mood of Britain's 24.5 million wage earners—and particularly its 9,000,000 blue-collar workers—was one of idle complacency, summed up in the title of the 1959 Peter Sellers movie *I'm All Right, Jack*. But as workers from the picket lines along the Thames to the assembly lines in the Midlands are quick to protest, things are not all right any more.

For most of the postwar era, British labor has had the better of Britain's delicate, emotionally charged balance of industrial power. One result has been that while wages have been rising at a rate of 13% a year productivity has been rising at a rate of only 2%. The Heath government's labor reforms, not too different from those proposed earlier by Labor Party Chief Harold Wilson, aim at righting the balance, mainly by making unions (and their regally independent shop stewards) legally responsible for their actions—and inactions.

The prospect of an epic struggle over Heath's Industrial Relations Act thus looms at a time when British workers are already grappling unhappily with many other changes, large and small. In Dover, a dwindling force of



DUMPING TOMATOES IN GUERNSEY



FUTURE

DOCK WORKERS IN LIVERPOOL

THE WORLD

70 dockers (down from 120 a year ago) works with an ever-growing army of new blokes who drive fork lifts or pad about with time-study charts. In London's traditional "dock land," where the number of registered dock workers has declined from 25,000 to 16,000 in just five years, office buildings and housing estates rise on the sites of old piers and warehouses. Much to the distress of the dockers, shipping firms have been moving their containerized cargo operations inland, where labor costs can be as much as 40% cheaper—"the difference," says one employer, "between making a profit and making nothing."

Most worrisome of all, in a nation where the Great Depression is still a powerful memory, is the steady drumbeat of foreboding headlines. Hardly a day goes by without news that the heavily featherbedded nationalized steel industry is to cut its payroll by 50,000 workers, or that the railways are to let 20,000 go, or that a former Bank of England governor believes that unemployment—now 6% of the labor force—will have to double if things are to be "put right."

In the first three months of the year alone, 876 large and small British firms went out of business. When a modern, eight-year-old South London printing plant suddenly closed down last June, apparently because its owners saw a chance to sell the property for a quick real estate windfall, the firm's 150 employees angrily took over the place. "Most of us were not militant before this happened," says Journeyman Printer Norman Pennington, 30. "We will just not accept being put to grass. Our children are redundant [excess labor] before they are even born!"

Conned. By and large the British workingman is living considerably better than he used to—and has the color TV and secondhand Cortina to prove it. But not everyone has fared equally well in the welfare state. Despite talk of layoffs in the Midlands assembly lines, Britain's seaside resorts are packed as usual with free-spending vacationing auto workers, whose pay checks run a full 15% above the national average blue-collar wage of \$75 a week. The summer was somewhat different for Jerry Toomey, 29, a Jagger-haired \$65-a-week warehouseman who lives with his wife and daughter in a dank, unheated flat in London's Elephant and Castle district while waiting for a two-bedroom place in a new slum-clearance project. Toomey worries that toothpaste is up to 80¢ a tube and that he recently had to pay \$35 for dental work that once came free. Says he: "We have been conned, that's what."

What most of Britain's workers do have in common nowadays is what Oxford University Sociologist-Author (*The Affluent Worker*) John Goldthorpe describes as "a new, aggressive attitude." Says Goldthorpe: "They used to compare themselves to other manual workers in making their demands.

But now, like their American counterparts, they have begun to say, 'There's more money in this job'—and ask for it." As Birmingham Toolmaker Eric Collins puts it: "Ordinary workers are waking up to the fact that the good life is theirs for the asking. All they have to do is pressure management."

The trouble is there is little more to be pressured out of Britain's threadbare economy. The British workingman's efforts to squeeze out more of the good life may yield only more inflation and more bitter class confrontation.

The Butler Did It

"But when folks finds out!" he asked at last. "Think about it. Think how lowered you'll feel—one of your husband's servants."

—Lady Chatterley's Lover

Gamekeepers are scarce nowadays, especially around London's chic St. James's Place, but otherwise the plot revealed in court last week was a fa-

MAC—DAILY MAIL, LONDON



"You rang, Milord?"

miliar one to readers of D.H. Lawrence. On trial in the Old Bailey was a handsome Irishman named Maurice O'Regan, 33, charged with forging three checks to a total of \$34,400. Maurice had been butler, chauffeur, valet, handyman and cook to Sir Francis Henry Grenville Peek, 56, fourth baronet of Rousdon. But with raven-haired, Jamaican-born Lady Caroline Peek, 37, the testimony revealed, Maurice's services had gone considerably further.

Part of the trouble was that Sir Francis (family crest, according to Debre's, "two hazel nuts slipped proper"; family motto, *"Le Maître Vient"*) frequently went on extended trips attending to his real estate business. That left Lady Peek alone with the butler. Maurice, who was paid only \$36 a week, testified that Lady Peek began giving him money "to buy shirts."

"A man's most dangerous moment is when he's getting into his shirt," Ol-

iver Mellors tells Lady Chatterley. "I prefer those American shirts that you put on like a jacket." Sure enough, while Maurice was trying on a particular shirt, "her ladyship ran her hand up and down my back." Came a day, after Maurice had driven Sir Francis to the airport for one more business trip, when she "entered the kitchen and said that she felt like cuddling and kissing me. I told her I was worried about my position. She replied, 'Nonsense.'"

Thereafter, Maurice testified, they had intercourse seven times in six months. Then sadly came the end of what he called "a good wicket." The Peeks decided to move to Spain's Costa del Sol. "At first I understood I was going with them, but later I learned that this was not the position because there was no room in their new home."

Lady Caroline, according to the butler, soothed him with the three blank checks and told him to fill them in for no more than \$36,000—which he obeyed to the letter. "You are not going to get away with that sum for noth-



LADY PEEK



BUTLER O'REGAN

ing," she added. "I expect to see you in Spain." Asked why he had been given such a sum by his mistress, the gentleman's gentleman presumed that "it was payment for services rendered. . . . Makes me out a bit of a rogue, actually."

Considerably embarrassed, Lady Peek took the stand to deny categorically all of Maurice's statements. She insisted that the blank checks were meant to pay household bills. But her performance was less than convincing, and the judge instructed the all-male jury that her evidence was "not to be relied on." With that the jurors after 65 minutes declared Maurice not guilty, and the court apologized for the eight months he had been held in jail. "So much for British aristocracy," huffed the butler as he left court. "I'm finished with them." Gamekeeper Mellors had put it better. "I hate the impudence of money and I hate the impudence of class."



BRITISH SOLDIERS STANDING GUARD IN LONDONDERRY'S BOGSIDE DISTRICT DURING "OPERATION MOTORMAN"

JULIO MITCHELL

NORTHERN IRELAND

End of the "No-Go" Areas

It was one of the British army's largest operations since World War II. A force of 15,000 soldiers and marine commandos—backed by 600 armored cars bristling with artillery pieces and machine guns—last week invaded the Irish Republican Army's barricaded sanctuaries in Northern Ireland and re-established the Queen's Writ throughout the province.

The invasion, swiftly and precisely done, ended the "no-go" areas, both Catholic and Protestant, throughout Ulster. It was a military success that had inescapably followed upon a political failure. Since he became Britain's Secretary of State for Northern Ireland last March, William Whitelaw had attempted a policy of "reconciliation" toward the embattled province's Catholic minority, and had even entered into secret talks with the I.R.A. But when the I.R.A.'s militant Provisional Wing broke the carefully negotiated truce and unleashed a brutal bombing attack on Belfast last month—in which nine persons were killed and 130 injured in one afternoon—Whitelaw felt that he was forced to take a stronger stand in dealing with I.R.A. terrorism; he was now determined, he said recently, "to root out the I.R.A. and destroy their capacity for further acts of inhumanity."

Operation Motorman. To prepare for the assault, which was dubbed "Operation Motorman," the British government airlifted three additional battalions into Ulster from West Germany, thereby increasing British troop strength in Northern Ireland to half the size of Britain's entire NATO force. Armored Saracen and Saladin vehicles, still painted the color of sand for desert duty, were landed by Royal Navy vessels. On the eve of the operation, Whitelaw warned the populace that "substantial activity by the security forces" was imminent, and advised Ulstermen to stay off the streets. At

4 o'clock the next morning, as a drizzling rain fell, the first armored columns broke into Londonderry's Bogside and Creggan districts—which were known to Catholics as "Free Derry." Residents peered from behind blinds as troops with their faces blackened for camouflage in the darkness edged along the walls of the buildings, painstakingly scanning rooftops for snipers. On a plateau above the city, an I.R.A. siren began to wail—and continued until troops finally spotted its location almost three hours later and shut it off.

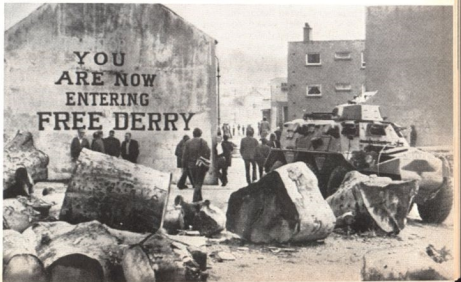
In the Bogside below, a huge combat bulldozer, its 76-mm. cannon shrouded in canvas and its turret turned backward (to avoid photographs reminiscent of the Soviet invasion of Prague), headed for its assigned target. It rammed through a barricade of cement blocks, twisted pipe and the hulk of a burned-out bus. Then, at the crossroads known as "Free Derry Corner," it halted—blocked by the Bogside's

most formidable barrier, a truck chassis embedded in solid concrete. The bulldozer poked at it, broke the great blade that projected from its snout, and finally backed off and rumbled away.

Two days passed before jackhammer crews finally dismantled the barricade.

Arms searches began immediately as troops fanned out to designated addresses. In Londonderry alone, they found nearly two tons of explosive chemicals, assorted bombs, 11,000 rounds of ammunition, and more than 50 guns, including three machine guns. Deep in the Bogside, armored cars roared up narrow Stanley Walk to a green-doored house that had served as the Provisionals' local headquarters. The troops ransacked the house and tore up the floorboards, but found only a radio, some maps and part of a Browning machine gun. The Provos had vanished. In the Creggan estate, weapons were found in hedges or buried, sometimes unwrapped, in the ground—obviously abandoned in haste. Whitelaw himself had broadcast the warning that allowed I.R.A. gunmen to escape, and received some criticism for doing so; but he made no apologies. "Reducing civilian casualties to an absolute mini-

BRITISH ARMORED CAR ON PATROL IN BOGSIDE AFTER INVASION



THE WORLD

mum," he declared, "was my overriding duty." In the complete operation, only two people—a 16-year-old spectator who ran from his house and an I.R.A. private—were killed.

As always in Northern Ireland, one side's discomfiture was the other side's comfort—and in this case, the Protestants were overjoyed. Masked members of the Ulster Defense Association started pulling down barricades in their own no-go areas when word was flashed that the army was moving on Free Derry. Later, in Belfast's fiercely loyalist Shankill district, bonfires burned in celebration. Among Unionist Party politicians, who had recently been calling him "Wilkie Whitewash" and accusing him of appeasing Catholic terrorists, Whitelaw was suddenly immensely popular. One of his most bitter critics, former Ulster Prime Minister Brian Faulkner, promised the government his "full support and prayerful thought."

Most Catholics recognized that the Provos had forced Whitelaw's hand by their savage bombing attacks on "Bloody Friday." They were also angered by the explosion of three bombs—believed set by the Provos, despite their denials—at the tiny village of Claudy last week that took seven lives. Even the Dublin government endorsed Whitelaw's action. Said the Irish Republic's Prime Minister Jack Lynch: "Bombers and gunmen must be eliminated from the scene."

Buying Time. Many Catholics, however, were even further alienated by the army's action. "Limey bastards!" shouted one Bogside resident on the morning of the attack. Demanded another: "Why don't you go back where you bloody well belong?" The Bogside Community Association charged that residents were being "interned" in their own neighborhoods, and demanded to know "the duration of our sentence." The only immediate reaction from the I.R.A. Provisionals was a cry of defiance. The Provos' Dublin-based chief of staff, Sean MacStiofáin, bragged that I.R.A. tactics had always been to "step aside when they try to hit us with a sledgehammer," and in Belfast the Provos vowed that they would continue their struggle "in accordance with the principles of guerrilla warfare."

William Whitelaw did not pretend that Operation Motorman was anything but an effort to buy some badly needed time. Such actions, he said, "are to provide the basic security upon which a political solution can be built." His policy of reconciliation, he emphasized, would continue. But by satisfying Protestant demands, Whitelaw ran the risk of once more alienating the entire Catholic community. With British troops as virtual occupation forces in the Catholic ghettos, the possibility of new flare-ups was all too apparent. One of the lessons of Ulster's bloody history is that Irish republicans and the British army cannot long remain at peace with one another.

NORTH VIET NAM

Thin Line of Distinction

As the floodwaters have risen in North Viet Nam's Red River, so has the burgeoning controversy over whether the U.S. is deliberately bombing the ancient, intricate, 2,500-mile network of earthen dikes in the delta, where 15 million North Vietnamese peasants live. The U.S. has admitted that some dikes near military targets have been damaged accidentally, but insists that the dikes themselves were never targets for American bombs. Last week the debate took a new twist, raising the question of whether U.S. bombers are dropping

themselves deep below the surface.

Near a village in Nam Ha province, said Oste, he visited a dike where 16 bombs fell—twelve of them delayed-action. One direct hit tore a hole in a dike that protects an area in which 400,000 people live. No military objectives were in sight, said Oste, not even a road. His conclusion: Washington was attempting to pass off the dike attacks to the U.S. public as "accidents" and "mistakes," while "at the same time making sure that Hanoi knows the attacks against the dams are a deliberate effort to force the Hanoi government to give way at the conference table."

In response to such charges, a State Department spokesman last week accused the North Vietnamese of a "monstrous lie campaign," and a White House staffer described the Swedish journalists involved in the controversy as "the conscious tools of Hanoi." The dikes are not being "targeted," Administration officials repeated, though they admitted as before that a few bombs have dropped on dikes near military targets. Some reconnaissance photographs, for instance, showed roads atop dikes that were filled with supply convoys; others showed a stretch of dike with three 37-mm. anti-aircraft gun emplacements on it. The State Department at first denied Swedish reports that U.S. planes are bombing dikes with delayed-action bombs and then reversed itself.

Department of Defense sources have confirmed to TIME's Pentagon Correspondent John Mullen that U.S. planes are in fact dropping the Mark 36 delayed-action bomb on North Viet Nam. The magnetic Mark 36, which has extended tail fins to keep it from sinking too deeply in water or mud, is dropped on rivers and canals in an effort to stop the flow of barges carrying military supplies. The same type of bomb, with its fins retracted to effect a sharper landing, is dropped on road junctions. With its retracted fins, it sinks deep into the earth. In addition to the magnetic versions of the Mark 36, there is a nonmagnetic type equipped with a time fuse.

Thus the Administration seemed to be saying that the rivers and canals that run alongside the dikes are being targeted with delayed-action bombs. Inevitably, the matter was becoming a partisan political issue in the U.S. "It doesn't take a Philadelphia lawyer," charged Senator Edward Kennedy, "to label this policy for what it is—a policy of deliberately bombing dikes."



NORTH VIETNAMESE GUNS ON DIKE

The answer was no—and yes.

delayed-action bombs, which would have the effect of hindering repairs. The answer from Washington: no—and yes.

A forceful witness was Swedish Journalist Sven Oste, foreign editor of *Dagens Nyheter*, Stockholm's largest morning newspaper. During a visit to North Viet Nam, he charged that the U.S. was using such bombs as "a new method of inflicting terror on the population back of the dikes." The magnetic bombs prevented workers from using machines to fill in craters from earlier explosions, said Oste, and some of the bombs were capable of burying

MIDDLE EAST

Limited Options

Not since Nikita Khrushchev took his missiles out of Cuba in 1962 has any Russian military departure been as momentous as Egypt's abrupt expulsion of Soviet advisers. Yet by last week, Egypt's President Anwar Sadat must have been puzzled by the reaction—or lack of it—of those countries that stood to gain the most from the Soviet eviction. Premier Golda Meir of Israel had responded merely by reiterating her long-standing demand for direct negotiations. Washington was silent on direct White House orders. Even France's President Georges Pompidou turned down an urgent request from Sadat for an invitation to Paris to discuss the situation. Pompidou, after first agreeing, had second thoughts about the reaction from France's small (550,000) but vastly influential Jewish community.

The silence elsewhere was largely due to the fact that other capitals knew neither the exact reasons for the Soviets' seemingly amiable departure nor whether the event had been totally played out. Had the Russians merely decided that Egypt was not worth the large numbers of men being poured into that country? Was it possible that, as in Hungary or Czechoslovakia, they were pulling back to return in vengeful fury? Would they have been so amiable before the Moscow summit talks with President Nixon? On the other hand, was Sadat attempting what one European observer called "the Maltese fake"? Tiny Malta last winter tossed out British forces in a show of independence, then abruptly invited them back when Britain upped its military rent. That hardly seemed to be Sadat's game. Perhaps even the Soviets did not know how it would all turn out. *Al Ahrām* Editor Mohammed Hassanein Heikal, a friend of Sadat's, last week reported puzzlement in the Kremlin leadership over where the Soviets had gone wrong (see box).

Sadat got one positive foreign reaction last week, but it was less than entirely welcome. Rejoicing at the Soviet humiliation, Libya's staunchly anti-Communist Leader Muammar Gaddafi invited Sadat to Tobruk and Benghazi for three days of political conversation, and the Egyptian leader, after a few days of rest near Alexandria with his handsome wife Gehan, complied. Gaddafi's idea was that, with the Russians out of Egypt, the two Arab nations could finally consummate "a full and complete revolutionary merger" and presumably launch a *jihad*, or holy war, against Israel. Sadat wants neither an other losing war nor competition for power from a would-be Nasser like

Gaddafi; he shrewdly persuaded Gaddafi to establish for now a "unified political command" which will spend at least 13 months studying the military, monetary, judicial and economic problems involved in the proposed merger. Chances are that the union itself will never take place.*

Nevertheless, Sadat badly needs to follow up the exodus of all but a small force of Soviets (see following story) with some kind of major diplomatic move. The removal of the Russians was a bargaining card that he would prefer to have played in return for the territory occupied by Israel. Instead Sadat had to use it to mollify Egyptian generals who were angry over Soviet in-



SADAT AND WIFE GEHAN AT SUMMER RETREAT

sults and to stem domestic dissatisfaction with his own policies. Now he needs something else with which to bargain for the return of the occupied territories. For the moment none of his options seemed particularly promising.

One was to threaten again to use Arab oil as a lever to induce the U.S. to "Judging by previous Arab unity attempts, such a merger would be neither enduring nor effective. Egypt and Syria set up the United Arab Republic in 1958, but by 1961 the Syrians had tired of Nasser's domination. Last year, after much discussion, Syria, Egypt and Libya formed the Federation of Arab Republics; apart from a new flag and a secretariat in Cairo, the federation has had little practical effect so far."

Provocative Reading

Al Ahrām Editor Mohammed Hassanein Heikal's weekly column is always the most provocative reading in Cairo, but even Heikal exceeded himself last week. Insisting that he was "not imagining things," Heikal reconstructed what he believed "had gone on" in the Kremlin when Soviet leaders learned that their forces were being expelled from Egypt. Excerpts:

Defense Minister Andrei Grechko, visibly disturbed, repeated a question posed by Navy Chief Sergei Gorshkov: "Is our Mediterranean fleet going to go back to depending on Odessa for supplies and fresh water? This would mean we will have to contract our navy in the Mediterranean."



SADAT WITH BODYGUARDS

apply pressure on Israel. Such a threat is difficult to enforce. Even if the Arab oil-producing states could be persuaded to agree on an embargo, their oil prices would drop because—at least at present—no other market could absorb oil denied the West. Paris has long coveted a greater Middle East role, but Pompidou's coolness indicated that France was not inclined to take the Soviets' place in Egypt. About the best option Sadat had last week was to seek big-power support for a new bid by United Nations Mediator Gunnar Jarring to negotiate a peace agreement. In view

Grechko also argued that "the *détente* that took place in Moscow between us and the Americans is important. But our struggle with the Americans is continuing, even if it is only a rivalry. Are we going to leave the Middle East for them to do as they please?"

Soviet Party Leader Leonid Brezhnev called for an intelligence estimate of external influences on Egypt's decision. "Relations between Cairo and Washington are bad," he was told.

Brezhnev also called for a reading on Libya's Muammar Gaddafi and internal pressures on Sadat by "hostile elements." "Gaddafi is a mystery to us," he was told by an Arab affairs specialist. To which Brezhnev, by Heikal's reconstruction, testily snapped: "We don't want questions from you. We want answers."

THE WORLD

of Israel's antagonism to Jarring, it was a forlorn hope.

The sudden Soviet departure has completely changed the situation from Jerusalem's viewpoint. "Egypt is completely exposed to any Israeli jet or tank," one high-ranking Israeli military commander said last week. "We intend not to take advantage of the situation, but it gives us a lot of satisfaction." Matityahu Peled, 48, who is a lecturer in Arab studies at Tel Aviv University—as well as a leading Israeli dove—predicts that now "Israel can sit down for the next 50 or 100 years and live a normal life without making peace and without facing another fight." That attitude irritates Peled, who believes that Sadat is truly prepared to bargain for peace. Says he: "We have a government of territorial expansion today that says 'We don't need to return the territories' to maintain not peace, but at least a peaceful situation."

What the Russians Kept

President Nixon's Moscow visit last May ended with a joint communiqué that included agreement on "measures to prevent incidents at sea and in airspace over it between vessels and aircraft of the U.S. and Soviet navies." By indirection, the Russian exodus from Egypt has honored this pledge in one key sea. TU-16 Badger reconnaissance planes that have long overflown the U.S. Sixth Fleet in the Mediterranean from Egyptian bases have ended such flights and gone home. The games of "chicken" that scrambling U.S. carrier pilots played with them have stopped.

Although the airfields from which the Badgers flew have reverted to Egypt, the Soviets hope to retain the use of Egyptian naval bases at Alexandria and Mersa Matruh. From Cairo's viewpoint, that could be an acceptable exchange for a continuing flow of spare parts and equipment replacements for the Egyptian armed forces and for economic aid. The naval bases are well out of view and thus Soviet personnel would not be a political embarrassment for President Sadat.

As a safeguard against the possibility that Egypt might some day reconsider and order Soviet sailors home too, the Russians reportedly are seeking additional port privileges elsewhere along the Mediterranean littoral. Such ports have a variety of uses; the U.S., although it operates a "naval train" from Norfolk to the Mediterranean to replenish the Sixth Fleet, also maintains naval facilities in Spain, Italy and, commencing fairly soon, Greece.

Such ports are essential to the Soviets because their Mediterranean squadron, like the Sixth Fleet, is a permanent strategic force, not merely a factor in the Egypt-Israel confrontation. Thus if Moscow allows the fleet to be displaced, the Russians would lose face—and power—everywhere in the Mediterranean.

CHINA

Reconstruction Begins

Western analysts of Mao Tse-tung's China have long marveled at his regime's capacity for surviving repeated self-destructive outbursts. It has been at it, with greater or lesser intensity, since 1966, when Mao launched the convulsive Cultural Revolution in an effort to shake out the "revisionists" and strengthen his own slipping grip on the party machinery. The whole shebang very nearly came apart last September when an abortive barracks coup by his own Defense Minister and heir apparent, Lin Biao, forced Mao to ground the entire Chinese air force for weeks, and subsequently to cashier several Politburo members and carry out a sweeping purge of top-rank military men.

Now the analysts see signs that Mao and Premier Chou En-lai are trying to put China's fractured leadership back together. Late last month, in an effort to convince the outside world that harmony had returned to Peking, Chinese officials began speaking openly for the first time of the events of last fall, confirming many details—Lin's attempts on Mao's life, his death in an air crash in

Something like 130 of Peking's 300 senior military men—including the army chief of staff and top officers in the air force, the navy and the logistics command—have simply dropped from public view since autumn. With just twelve active members, the Politburo is now only half its original size, although it accurately reflects the divisions in the regime between the leftist ideological hotspurs who opposed the rapprochement with the West—and especially President Nixon's visit last February—and the old-guard pragmatists who approved of both.

Mao's wife Chiang Ching, who was the ideological power behind the radical Red Guard fanatics during the Cultural Revolution, turned up at Army Day ceremonies as No. 3 in the Politburo, after Mao and Chou. She may be jockeying for that position, however, with Yeh, who led a bloody provincial army suppression of Mme. Mao's Red Guards in 1967 and has developed no affection for radicals since.

Only when the Politburo is restored to full membership can Mao deal with Peking's fundamental problem: the succession. Much to the wonder of China watchers—and the worry of Western governments that are anxious to expand

BURNS—THE GLOBE AND MAIL, TORONTO



PREMIER CHOU EN-LAI & MARSHAL YEH CHIEN-YING IN PEKING
Preparing to deal with the succession.

Mongolia while trying to flee—that had filtered out of China long ago (TIME, Nov. 22).

Chinese newspapers hammered the restoration theme in a joint Army Day editorial last week, urging the faithful "to unite, to be open and above board." The star of the Defense Ministry's Army Day reception was Marshal Yeh Chien-ying, an old (74) hero from the days of the Long March whom Mao summoned out of semiretirement as the September crisis was approaching. Peking has let it be known that Yeh will soon be named Lin's successor as Defense Minister in an important first step toward filling out Mao's decimated government.

There is plenty of filling to be done.

their contacts with Peking—there are no indications of who might succeed Mao, who is 78, and Chou, whom visitors have recently found looking every bit of his 74 years. Though Mao will not necessarily want to name an heir again—Lin was the third person whom the Chairman had groomed for the succession, only to have to purge him later on—the fact is that no likely candidates have emerged. Chou is known to favor a collective post-Mao leadership, but unanimity, too, is proving elusive.

*Neither Peng Teh-huai, Lin's predecessor as Defense Minister until his ouster in 1959, nor Head of State Liu Shao-chi, who was purged in 1966 but has still not been replaced, was ever officially designated heir apparent, as Lin was, but each had worn the mantle of succession for several years preceding his political demise.



FRANCE'S FRANÇOIS-XAVIER ORTOLI

INTERNATIONAL NOTES

Unswerving Gaullist

British entry into the European Common Market will coincide with the designation of a French representative to the rotating presidency of the European Economic Community Commission. The confluence may be stormy. The chief French nominee is expected to be François-Xavier Ortoli, 47, until last month Minister of Industrial and Scientific Development in President Georges Pompidou's Cabinet. Sir Christopher Soames, the probable British commission member, has reportedly threatened not to serve unless a Frenchman of "stature" is selected. What the British really object to, however, is Ortoli's unswerving Gaullism.

Ortoli, the Corsica-born, Hanoi-raised son of a high-level French civil servant, has up to now moved steadily higher because he has proved an apt and loyal troubleshooter for Pompidou. That, presumably, is precisely the quality Pompidou desires at the head of the Common Market Commission. Britain, West Germany and Benelux fear that as successor to hearty Pan-European Sisco Mansholt, Ortoli will favor Pompidou's cautious approach to European integration, pressures for an EEC "political secretariat" in Paris, and insistence on strict independence from the U.S.

The Other Face

Supporters of Alexander Dubček's ill-fated 1968 attempt to give "socialism a human face" in Czechoslovakia are being punished in such numbers that even Western Communists have begun to protest. Last week in the seventh known trial since July 17, former Czech Communist Party College Rector Milan Hübl, 45, and two other men were

accused of distributing "provocative printed matter" in order to weaken "the socialist system in the state." That is, they had passed out pamphlets during Czechoslovakia's elections last fall, informing voters of their constitutional right to cross out names of the government-sponsored slate or not vote at all. Hübl, who was also accused of making contact with Italian Communists, was given a 6½-year sentence, the stiffest meted out in any trial so far. One co-defendant got 20 months, the other, a suspended sentence.

The trials are meant not only to punish those who supported Dubček's reforms three years ago but also to prevent any replay of that "springtime of freedom." The defendants are all party officials or intellectuals. But such revenge is costing the regime heavily among its friends abroad. Italian, British and Swedish Communist newspapers have criticized the trials, and so has the acting head of the French Communist Party, Georges Marchais. One exception: U.S. Communist Angela Davis, to whom Czechoslovak liberals appealed for help. She let it be known through a friend that in her opinion, people in Eastern Europe got into difficulties and ended in jail only if they were undermining the government.

The Czech regime last week began trial No. 8, charging Jaroslav Sabata, former secretary of the Brno party organization with subversion.

Undiplomatic Admission

The Japanese government has never before admitted the obvious: that the establishment of diplomatic relations with Peking—which it now favors—would lead inevitably to a break in its friendly ties with the Chinese Nationalist regime in Taipei. But last week, inscrutably enough, the government of Premier Kakuei Tanaka casually released a document saying just that.

Why the undiplomatic admission? Chief Cabinet Secretary Susumu Nikaido lamely explained that the document, labeled the government's "basic views" on establishing normal relations with China, was a confidential policy and should not have been released. Then he disclosed that the Japanese have actually been working on a gentlemen's agreement with the Taipei regime that would allow the Nationalists to save face if a Tokyo-Peking agreement appeared imminent. Taipei would simply take the initiative in breaking off its relations with Japan "for negotiating with Peking."

Nikaido's statement was likely to infuriate the Chinese Nationalists as much as the erroneously released document unquestionably did. The accidental release of Tokyo's "basic views" on China also led to a furor in the ruling Liberal Democratic Party that was likely to increase Tanaka's difficulties in gaining the base of support he needs to negotiate with Peking.

Argentine Standoff

After six years of military dictatorship, Argentines will finally have a chance to choose a civilian government in presidential elections scheduled for next March. But even before the campaign warms up, it is turning into a standoff. A faction of the Justicialista Party of former Dictator Juan Perón has nominated him for President, and he is the dominant candidate, even though he is now 76 and has lived in exile for 17 years. Voters who remember the old days of free spending and populism under Perón are ready to vote for him in numbers large enough that the old dictator could conceivably wind up in power again.

If, that is, Perón is not outmaneuvered by the present government of President Alejandro Lanusse. Perón is trying to get his election bandwagon rolling from Madrid, without returning to Argentina for the campaign. "I can lead just as well from here," he says—and also remain above the current political chaos and economic setbacks in Buenos Aires. Then, too, there is the entirely reasonable fear that he might be assassinated if he returned home.

In a move designed to force Perón either to come home and face his opponents—or to drop out of the race, President Lanusse recently decreed that all presidential candidates must be in the country by Aug. 25 and remain there until the election. Perón's passport has been revalidated, and Lanusse has offered to pay his fare if necessary. "Personally," says the President, "I feel he just hasn't got the guts."

So far, Perón was saying nothing. But the surprise decree did seem to leave him with little choice but to renounce his candidacy, or else name a political heir—something he has always declined to do.



JUAN PERÓN IN MADRID
Votes for nostalgia.

PEOPLE

Denmark's **Bent Larsen**, generally considered the second-best chess player in the West, flew into Reykjavik for a first-hand look at the war of nerves between Soviet World Champion **Boris Spassky** and U.S. Challenger **Bobby Fischer**. "Spassky has been thrown off balance," Larsen said. "He probably is boiling inside, and that is not good for him. But he is a strong player, and it is too early to count him out." Two days later, Fischer opened the tenth game of the 24-game tournament with his favorite gambit: arriving nine minutes late. Spassky's counter-gambit: arriving three minutes after Fischer. In the actual game, Fischer, who has not been beaten since opening day, won a smashing victory in 56 moves to lead by 6½ points to 3½ (more than halfway to the 12½ he needs to become champion). Said Larsen: "This looks like the end."

Jane Austen may have been a great novelist, but her hair was a mess. That bit of historical minutia was revealed by Scientist J.A. Swift of Britain's Unilever Research after an exhaustive analysis of a lock of hair that had been bequeathed by Miss Austen to her niece and ended among the relics of the Jane Austen Society. His scanning electron microscope, Swift reported in the erudite scientific journal *Nature*, showed that changes brought about in individual hairs by brushing and combing were absent from the lock of the woman who wrote *Pride and Prejudice*. "It must be concluded," said Swift, "that within the last three years of her life, Jane Austen did little to tend her hair and that brushing, combing and handling were minimal."

Was that really **Adolf Hitler** taking a stroll in London's Hyde Park? "It's astonishing how many people don't even remember what he looked like," said **Sir Alec Guinness**, who is playing the Führer in a movie called *Hitler: The Last Ten Days*. "When we photo-

graphed some tests in Hyde Park, with me all made up and in uniform, not a soul turned around. But the taxi drivers know. I had one who kept looking at me. When I got out, he went round the block and came back again. He stopped alongside me and asked, 'You are an actor, aren't you?' I reassured him and he went on his way."

What's 6 ft. 4 in. tall, throws a knockout punch, and has long furry ears? It's **John Wayne**, drawing veteran of over 200 he-man films, dressed up in a rabbit costume. With enthusiastic support from *Laugh-In*'s comedienne Sarah Kennedy, Wayne is impersonating the Easter bunny on next month's opening of *Laugh-In*. Acting the role of a rabbit did not come easily. When he arrived onstage, the Duke growled: "The first guy who snickers gets a broken face." After the ordeal



JOHN WAYNE AS BUNNY

was over, he remarked: "I felt pretty funny in that bunny suit, but it could have been worse. They could have dressed me up as a liberal."

After 8½ months of pregnancy, Dancer **Juliet Prowse**, 35, decided that marriage might be a good idea. She flew off from Hollywood to Stateline, Nev., with Singer John McCook and ordered up a wedding at the Sahara Tahoe Hotel—only to find that she was too late. The baby was on its way, so she rushed to a hospital and was delivered of a boy, 7 lbs. 15 oz. Said McCook: "This will postpone the marriage for a while."

"I seem to look better in 17th century costume than I do in 20th," mused Author **John Updike**, all gussied up in jerkin and billowing laced shirt, and



JOHN UPDIKE AS PILGRIM

ready to tootle his recorder in an outdoor performance of Bach and Pachelbel. To celebrate 17th Century Day in Ipswich, Mass., Updike wrote a pageant about local history in 1968, and the citizens are once again donning their costumes. "Our texts illustrate the nobler elements of the Puritan heritage," goes a line from the play, "a faith in the law, a passion for the things of the mind, a habit of independence."

Will superstardom spoil **Jeeves**, the world's best-loved superservant? Not at all, say the creators of *Jesus Christ Superstar*, who intend to build a new musical around Jeeves and the dryly dotty types populating the novels of **P.G. Wodehouse**. "Wodehouse has been our favorite writer for 15 years," says Lyricist **Tim Rice**. "He's the funniest man in the English language," adds Composer **Andrew Lloyd Webber**. How will it all turn out? "It won't be an opera," says Webber. "It will be more like a musical—modern, but not out-and-out rock." Rice chimes in: "Basically it will be like *J.C. Superstar*—what we consider good middle-of-the-road theater."

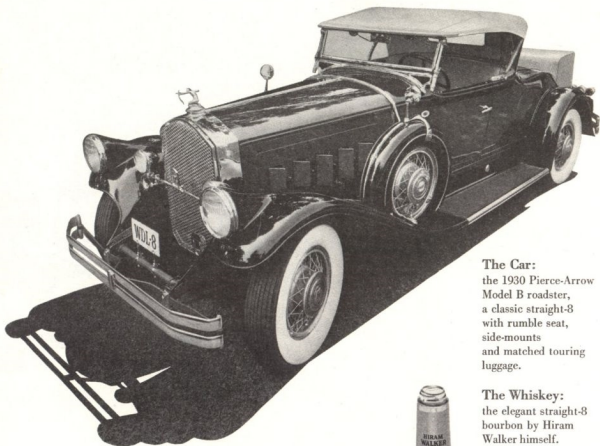
Life with once-celebrated Physical Culturist **Bernarr** ("Body Love") **MacFadden** had its ups and downs, according to Widow **Jonnie Lee MacFadden**. Up in an airplane, he parachuted into the Hudson River at the age of 83, tried the Seine at 84 but missed and ended up in an empty lot. Once, she recalled, "he wanted me to jump with him, and he wanted me to wear red tights with 'MacFadden' lettered across the buttocks. I wouldn't do it." Jonnie Lee, 66, who has published her own health tome, called *Barefoot in Eden*, said that her husband kept his virility right up to his death in 1955 at the age of 87. Her own prescription: vegetables, wheat germ and bicycle riding. But, she added, "I believe that the best exercise is sex, dear."

ALEC GUINNESS AS HITLER



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Days of Whine & Roses

Throughout the northeastern U.S., June's heavy rains greened the countryside in splendid style, creating luscious lawns, luxuriant sprays of roses—and a mosquito crop that is big, noisy and vicious enough to turn the average picnic into a *Schuhplattler* exhibition. Says Dr. Thomas Bast, associate medical entomologist of the New York state health department: "This year's overall count is at least 200% higher than any other over the past six years. Some traps that usually catch about 25 mosquitoes a night now catch anywhere from 400 to 500."

Bast places much of the blame on the deluges of Hurricane Agnes: "Eggs that were deposited over the last several years hatched in the high water and high tides." During July, New York state officials began an intensive spraying campaign against both larvae and adult mosquitoes—which can spread encephalitis and other diseases—but it is too late to eliminate the insect hordes. Says Massachusetts Agriculture Official Charles Cannon: "We used to control mosquitoes with massive, year-round larvicide projects. In the summer we sprayed, and in the winter we put down a powder pesticide on ice and snow, which would run off into streams and kill larvae. This year all the pesticide was washed away, and now the problem is getting out of control."

Apart from insecticides, little can be done to control the pests except to drain the small pools of stagnant water that serve as mosquito hatcheries, and mosquitoes can discover pools faster than men can drain them. "As for next year," says New York's Bast, "if we have a mild winter, we'll have an even worse mosquito problem in the spring."

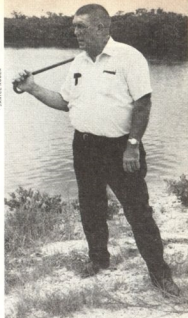
Crusader in the Swamps

The southwest coast of Florida, along 200 miles of shoreline from St. Petersburg to Naples, still consists largely of mangrove swamps—low-lying tangles infested with insects. But to developers, the swamps hold a promise of beachfront resorts as shiny and lucrative as those on the east coast, and a multimillion-dollar building boom has already started. Big companies like Gulf American Corp., GAC Corp. and Mackle Bros. are moving into the area, filling in the wetlands and building high-rise hotels and condominiums. The most unyielding obstacle to this juggernaut of change is a pensioner of modest means named George C. Matthews, who has successfully challenged corporations and officials up to and including President Nixon.

At 53, Matthews hardly gives the impression of a crusader. He sweats heavily, walks with a limp, talks in a backwoods drawl, and his shirt often spills out of his baggy pants. But he loves the swamps, which he explored as a child on fishing trips with his father. "All I want," he told *TIME* Correspondent Christopher Byron, "is for children in years to come to have the same pleasures I've had in these waters."

In addition to such soft sentiments, Matthews can cite hard ecological evidence against the building boom. The swamps not only serve as the habitat for wildlife—many of the commercial fish in the Gulf of Mexico spawn there—but the mangrove roots also stabilize the coastline, preventing erosion.

What makes Matthews so formidable is that he once went to law school (but never practiced) and has become a self-taught expert on land law. As he sees it, most of the swamps belong to ei-



MATTHEWS & HABITAT
"Sue the bums."

ther the people of Florida or the Federal Government. Matthews has carried his arguments to the courts with startling consistency and success. His strategy: "Sue the bums until they bleed."

Many of his suits are based on various state and federal laws that forbid dredging and filling operations in tidal lands without a permit from the Army Corps of Engineers. Though tides wash over almost all of the mangrove swamps, developers often neglect to get such a permit; then Matthews sues, sometimes with strange results. In 1970, for instance, the Lutgert Construction Co. started a giant beachfront development involving the dredging and filling of 1.65 million cu. yds. of tidal lands in Naples. Matthews began writing protest letters in all directions



SKETCH OF PROPOSED "CLASSROOM"

The Gettystower

A CENTURY after the Union Army turned back General Robert E. Lee at Gettysburg, the little southeast Pennsylvania town has degenerated into a tourist trap. Fried-chicken stands, ice cream palaces and motels clutter the surroundings of what Lincoln called consecrated ground. Two years ago, Maryland Entrepreneur Thomas Ottenstein announced plans to erect the most garish attraction yet: a modernistic 307-ft. observation tower overlooking the battleground, complete with \$750,000 worth of audio-visual equipment to provide what Ottenstein calls a "classroom in the sky."

Pennsylvania Attorney General J. Shane Creamer, who calls it a "cash register in the sky," is fighting Ottenstein through the courts. Although Gettys-

burg has no zoning laws, Creamer bases his case on a recent state constitutional amendment intended to assure the citizenry of its right to "the preservation of the natural, scenic, historic and esthetic virtues of the environment." He has called on such notables as Architect Louis Kahn and Historian Bruce Catton to testify on the state's behalf. County Court Judge John A. MacPhail recently turned Creamer down, however, ruling that "historical Gettysburg has already been raped," and also noting that an Interior Department agreement with Ottenstein implied approval—a contention the department now denies. Creamer is moving the conflict this week to the Commonwealth Court, the state's intermediate appeals court. Ottenstein remains confident, adding: "As long as the laws tell me I'm right, I see no reason why I can't build the tower."

and finally got the Corps of Engineers to demand that Lutgert stop its dredging; indeed the Interior Department argued that Lutgert must restore the land to its original state. After Lutgert refused, a federal court fined it \$150,000. Lutgert paid but then requested a permit to finish the job. Surprisingly, the Engineers granted the permit; not surprisingly, Matthews sued for its revocation. Meantime, the company won a permit from the county board of commissioners to lay the foundations on its disputed land. So now Matthews has sued the commissioners for dereliction of duty.

Above the tidal area, too, development projects planned along the coast face trouble from Matthews, for he argues that most of this land is in the public domain. He bases his contentions on the official surveys of the 1870s, when Government surveyors assigned to chart the lands being transferred to state control often just drew the coastal boundaries by eye rather than trudging through the swamps. The result was that they often did not see high ground lying out to seaward from the mangroves and mistakenly designated many areas as tidal land. That error, Matthews has successfully argued, legally leaves these lands in the federal domain.

Trustee. To locate these areas, Matthews himself often slogs through the swamps. Then he files claim to the high land as a tax-liable "trustee for the people" (yearly tax: 99¢). When a developer tries to acquire the land for building sites, he may get a nasty surprise: Matthews was there first and has a provable legal interest in defending the land. Although he talks of "personally walking the entire coastline of West Florida," Matthews usually just compares the old maps with current project lines. When they do not coincide, he first investigates and then goes to court.

Although his antagonists denounce Matthews as a "lawsuit-happy crackpot," his lonely crusade has won him admirers too. The St. Petersburg *Times* spoke with a certain awe of "this mind-boggling legal assaults [that] name every public official below the rank of President of the U.S." Actually, Matthews last year challenged the President too. On hearing that the Corps of Engineers planned to improve security around Nixon's Biscayne Bay house by dredging and filling in 2,000 cu. yds. of sand in nearby tidal waters, he made one of his rare forays to the east coast and threatened to sue. Others joined in opposition, and the White House dropped the project.

Matthews is not averse to publicity for his cause, but he says he wants neither help nor thanks. He lives austere with his wife in an apartment in Naples, where she types all his legal papers. One recent day, as he headed to court to file yet another suit, he said his only immediate worry was where he could find the money to pay some court costs. The amount: \$117.

Evaluating Eagleton

Thomas Eagleton was dumped as the Democratic vice-presidential candidate by politicians who assumed that many voters would be frightened off by his history of mental illness. Would the result have been different if Eagleton had been "tried by a jury of his peers"—the scores of thousands of Americans who not only can sympathize but empathize with him because they too have suffered depression that required hospitalization and perhaps electric-shock therapy? The answer, as ironic as it is surprising, is apparently no.

In interviews with TIME reporters across the country, most depression patients who had been "cured" or were well on the way to recovery questioned Eagleton's fitness to withstand the stresses of the presidency or even the vice presidency. The sample was necessarily small but was probably typical of a much larger group. The patients were also nearly unanimous in feeling that the Eagleton affair had not damaged their self-image or their image in the eyes of associates. Realistically appraising the degrees of their own recovery and the hazard of relapse under pressure, they confirmed the adage "It takes one to know one."

Shock Therapy. One exceptional view came from a San Francisco traffic manager, 26, now job hunting, who attempted suicide last year before entering Napa State Hospital and receiving shock therapy. He says: "What happened to Eagleton was a shame. He has proved himself on many jobs since he was in the hospital. He was doing an excellent job in the Senate for his home state. If Missouri didn't object to him, why should the rest of the country?"

More common is the attitude of a retired schoolteacher in Fitchburg, Mass., aged 65 and a veteran of 50 shock therapy sessions. "I've never been shy about talking about my problem," she says, "and I won't be now. People have a lot of sympathy for Eagleton, but I think they also understand he was a liability to the ticket because of the debate about his past health."

A California woman of 49, who has gone almost 15 years without need of further treatment for her depression, was even more outspoken—despite her own career success as an office manager. "I'm sorry for Tom Eagleton," she said, "but from my own experience I say he's not qualified to run for the vice presidency. I don't think anyone ever knows whether he or she is cured. He did not have a broken leg. It's more like a bad heart attack—even after an excellent recovery you still can't be sure that it won't occur unexpectedly again at an awkward time."

There was general agreement about Eagleton last week among depression

patients gathered in the Manhattan office of Psychiatrist Leonard Cammer for electrical treatment. Author of the helpful volume *Up From Depression* (Simon & Schuster and Pocket Books), Cammer objects to the terms "shock" and "electroconvulsive therapy." He prefers "electric-stimulation treatment." He offers his patients heavy doses of reassurance, and advises them not to hide their problems and treatment from friends and associates.

A Postal Service employee, successfully treated five years ago, who accompanied his wife, still under Cammer's care, insisted that he had not been hurt

BARBARA LITTLE



CAMMER (LEFT) GIVING TREATMENT
More like a bad heart attack.

by the public discussion of Eagleton's case. "I haven't had any trouble in my job. I believe I'm cured and so do the people I work with." But Eagleton as a candidate? "I'm glad he won't be Vice President. The responsibility would be too much. He might fall apart." His wife agreed: "I would feel edgy about Eagleton as Vice President under the stress of a job like that." Another patient, a woman considered well on her way to recovery, said: "If he became Vice President or President, the pressure he would be under might bring on a relapse." A Manhattan housewife spoke harshly of Eagleton's appearance on TV: "He looked like he could have been a candidate—for depression!"

Other graduates of the shock school of depression were gentler in their judgments. They criticized Eagleton for lack of candor before his nomination, but gave him high marks for having borne himself well when the heat was on him. That heat may have been more shocking than any treatment for depression.

THE PRESS

Viet Nam: New Dangers Covering an Old Story

Covering the war in Indochina has always been dangerous for reporters and cameramen. Since 1964, the toll stands at 39 killed, 20 missing and 167 wounded.* But Vietnamization and the concomitant withdrawal of U.S. troops have, unhappily, made life even more hazardous for those who must cover Viet Nam.

Since the South Vietnamese started their counteroffensive north of Hue last month, four cameramen have been killed and *Newsweek* Reporter Alexander Shimkin is missing in an ambush and presumed dead. Freelance Photographer Gerard Hebert was cut down by artillery while talking with a U.S. adviser on the outskirts of Quang Tri city. British Freelancer James Gill was killed while covering the South Vietnamese marines attacking the city.

Bad Directions. ABC Cameraman Terence Khoo and Sam Kai Faye, Singaporeans and close friends, stumbled into withering fire from a North Vietnamese bunker. Sam was wounded and Khoo, though unhurt and technically finished with his Viet Nam hitch, elected to stay with his friend. Their decapitated bodies were found when the bunker was finally captured three days later.

Correspondents used to contending with Viet Cong rifle and mortar fire must now beware of increasingly accurate heavy artillery fire that can kill at long range. At the same time, the with-

drawal of U.S. combat units has reduced both the reliability of battle intelligence and the amount of protection a correspondent can count on. Recalls Associated Press Correspondent Peter Arnett, who started covering Viet Nam in 1962, "When you went out with a U.S. unit, you knew that your ass was covered. You were cared for like an American soldier, and that was very good care indeed."

With the U.S. pulling out, the South Vietnamese do not offer such support. The Americans took much of their transport with them, and it is now much harder to hitch helicopter or other rides. Once on the scene, reporters cannot count on much cooperation from field officers. Most feel that there is nothing malicious in this; Saigon forces are simply not equipped to provide the same amenities and protection.

But New York *Times* Correspondent Malcolm Browne, who won a Pulitzer Prize in 1964 while covering Viet Nam for A.P., disagrees. He charges that he and others have been given "potentially lethal advice" by South Vietnamese officers in the form of bad directions that would take newsmen into areas of intense enemy fire. While correspondents simply blame poor intelligence, Browne insists it is done deliberately, and quotes a South Vietnamese captain as having told him: "We know the foreign press is against us. The press is the agent of the Viet Cong, so don't be surprised at what happens to you newsmen here." A few days later, South Vietnamese troops fired over the head of a correspondent who sought to cover them in action at Quang Tri, driving him back.

NBC Correspondent Bob Jones does not necessarily subscribe to Browne's theory, but he has little faith in directions offered by the South Vietnamese.

Camped with a camera crew outside Quang Tri city in an effort to get film of soldiers raising the South Vietnamese flag over the city's citadel, Jones asked how to get to the citadel. "Just walk across that field," said the officer, "and someone will show you the way." Jones noted that not only was the field under intense enemy fire but also that his crew would have to swim a moat and scale a wall as well in order to reach the citadel. "You go," the officer told him with a smile. "I'll stay here." Jones and his crew did not go.

Increasing dangers in the field and decreasing interest in the U.S. have combined to take much of the professional glamour out of the Viet Nam story. "Reporting the war is no longer the noble act it once was," says A.P.'s Arnett. "In the mid-'60s, what you reported had an impact on national policy. Now any piece you do will probably have less impact than one coming out of Washington or Paris." NBC's Jones, who has done several previous stints in Viet Nam, now wonders whether the new risks make the story worthwhile. "If I'd known things had gotten this dangerous," he says, "I'd have thought twice about coming back here."

AIM for Accuracy

To err is human enough, but those in the news business should never do it. This is the stern thesis of a Washington-based organization called Accuracy in Media, and it is wielding a potent weapon to challenge any misreports: the advertisement. Founded three years ago on a nonprofit basis, AIM operates with a volunteer staff of 30 and a modest budget of \$15,000 in contributions. It seeks out errors in news reporting and commentary, requests retractions, then buys ads to publicize the mistakes if they are not corrected.

The first AIM ad took NBC's David Brinkley to task last January in the *Washington Post* for likening the U.S. to 19th century Prussia because it spent about two-thirds of "regular tax income" for military purposes (AIM claimed the U.S. figure was more like 40% of all income taxes). In June, AIM took a two-column ad in the *New York Times* to condemn Correspondent Anthony Lewis for reporting as fact from Hanoi that the U.S. mining of Haiphong harbor was ineffective without checking out the facts. AIM plans to place another ad in the *Times* charging Columnist Tom Wicker with a variety of minor inaccuracies over the past two years.

Critics of AIM claim it is prone to nitpicking and preoccupied with criticizing news judgment rather than errors of fact. But Abraham Kalish, 66, the organization's executive secretary and former feature writer for the U.S. Information Agency, insists: "All we're interested in is accuracy—to be an ever-present prod to the news media so they will strive to be sure their stories are accurate."

*TIME-LIFE's own casualties: LIFE Photographer Larry Burrows and TIME Correspondent John Cantwell have been killed in action. Photographer Sean Flynn, on assignment for TIME, has been missing in Cambodia since 1969. Among the wounded: LIFE Photographers Tim Page and Co Rentmeester, TIME Photographer Le Minh and TIME Correspondents Don Sizer, David Greenway, David DeVoss and John Mulliken.

NEW YORK TIMES



A.P. CORRESPONDENT ARNETT

NEW YORK TIMES'S BROWNE IN VIET NAM



Spreading Foxfire

His tenth-graders at the remote Rabun Gap-Nacoochee School in Georgia were bored with their English classes, so Brooks Eliot Wigginton set them to work publishing a quarterly magazine of stories about the skills, thoughts and experiences of the elderly mountaineers in the nearby Appalachians. A collection of their stories became a bestseller, *The Foxfire Book* (TIME, March 27), and now Wigginton's technique of teaching English composition through junior journalism is spreading.

Foxfire started publishing in 1967 and is still going strong. While only half of the graduates of the 240-pupil Rabun Gap school go on to college, all of *Foxfire's* full-time staffers do—about a dozen each year. "It's a refuge for the kids where adults take them seriously," says "Wig," as his students call him. Many are so excited by the magazine that they even work on weekends, interviewing their neighbors on such subjects as quilting, moonshining and faith healing. Says June Graduate Karen Cox: "I would have dropped out of school if it hadn't been for Wig and *Foxfire*. He made me want to learn."

Wild Turnips. That change is what has attracted the interest of teachers in other American subcultures, and Wig now travels far and wide to explain his methods. He has helped Puerto Rican youngsters in New York City to found the *Fourth Street I*, which records the street games, block news and recipes of the Lower East Side. He has encouraged Oglala Sioux children in Pine Ridge, S. Dak., to publish *Hoyekiya* (Sioux for "to find a voice"), which has printed stories on tribal culture, including the sun dance, herbal medicine and

the *tipsinna*, an edible wild turnip.

Similar magazines have been founded this summer by Flathead Indians in Ronan, Mont., Chicanos in Berkeley, Calif., Navajos in Ramah, N. Mex., and both Indians and Eskimos in Alaska. Unlike *Foxfire's* originators, who began with \$400 raised from parents and friends, the other groups can obtain money and guidance from IDEAS, Inc., a Washington-based educational foundation that has hired Wigginton as its \$425-a-month adviser. Wig has settled permanently in Rabun Gap, where he is building a log cabin home. Now 29, he summered in the town as a child with his father, who was a professor at the University of Georgia, then came back after graduating from Cornell.

Not long ago he and Karen Cox spent a week briefing visiting Indian, Chicano and black children and their teachers on problems as diverse as copyright forms and printing presses. Then they spoke about the serious purpose: "These old people have lived and learned the hard way; what you learn by living is the best education you can have," said Karen. Added Wig: "But there aren't many ways you can get a job if you yourself can't read and write."

Conservative Anarchist

In one of his early plays, *Jonah*, Paul Goodman wrote a marvelous throwaway line. Doomed to preach to the masses that did not want to be saved, doomed to be cast away at sea and swallowed by leviathan, poor Jonah cries out to the heavens: "It should happen to a dog to be a prophet of the Lord of Hosts."

The combination of street humor and exaltation, of prophetic vision and rebellious despair was what made Goodman one of the most elusive and yet most challenging talents of his generation. Poet, psychologist, anarchist, teacher, novelist, propounder of extreme solutions to mundane problems, he could never see why conventional critics often dismissed him as a gadfly. "I am a humanist," he said, "and everything I do has exactly the same subject—the organism and the environment. Anything I write is pragmatic—it aims to accomplish something."

After years of relative obscurity ("Decent poverty is really an ideal environment for serious people," he said), Goodman became a kind of youth-cult hero in 1960 with the publication of *Growing Up Absurd*, in which he argued that problem children were the fault of a society that offered them only dull jobs and squalid ideals. Two years later in *The Community of Scholars*, he attacked the colleges as bureaucratic machines that had proved unable to provide youth with genuine learning. "The ultimate rationale of administra-



ICONOCLAST PAUL GOODMAN
"A right to be crazy."

tion," he wrote, "is that a school is a teaching machine, to train the young by predigested programs in order to get preordained marketable skills."

Such sentiments—which many educational reformers now share—made him, in his own words, "the Joan of Arc of the free-student movement." Indeed, Goodman early favored abandoning compulsory education for a system that would allow every child to choose the kind of schooling that suited his taste—or even none at all. He also argued in favor of dismantling the larger universities and making them into federations of small colleges with a student body of about 450 and a faculty of 50. Schools and overgrown universities, however, were only part of the problem. In the latest issue of the *New York Review of Books*, he wrote: "People have a right to be crazy, stupid or arrogant. It is our specialty as human beings. Our mistake is to arm anybody with collective power. Anarchy is the only safe polity."

Young Rebel. Shortly after Goodman's birth in New York's Greenwich Village, his father deserted the family, a loss that Goodman later viewed as useful: "Remember, a good father can be difficult for a kid; he has nothing to revolt against." When the young rebel graduated from City College, in 1931, he was too poor to enroll in Columbia, so he bicycled there and sneaked into the lectures of philosopher Richard McKeon. Later, he hitchhiked to free courses at Harvard.

Those days as an educational vagabond ended when McKeon, by then a dean at the University of Chicago, invited him to lecture on English literature. In 1940, however, Goodman was fired because of his freely admitted homosexuality, which later also cost him a teaching job at Black Mountain. "I don't think that people's sexual lives are any business of the state," he declared

WIGGINTON SHOWING WAGON MAKING



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EDUCATION

some years afterward. "To license sex is absurd." Indeed, although he and his wife Sally lived together for 30 years and had two children, they never formally married.

Goodman underwent psychotherapy in the late 1940s and early 1950s, an experience that led him to become a lay psychotherapist. Nevertheless, the later 1950s were filled with despair. Even after publishing a dozen books and hundreds of articles, he wrote, "I am continually tormented by not being published... I guess I'm the least-known author of my ability in America. This has made me bitter enough at times, yet I also take it as a good sign, that what I stand for is important and resisted."

"Most of my intellectual generation sold out," he mused, "first to the Communists and then to the organized system, so that there are very few independents around that a young man can accept as a hero." Goodman, however, provided the young with an indictment in *Growing Up Absurd*: "Our abundant society is at present simply deficient in many of the most elementary objective opportunities and worthwhile goals that could make growing up possible. It is lacking in enough man's work... in honest public speech... in the opportunity to be useful. It corrupts the fine arts. It shackles science. It dampens animal ardor. It dims the sense that there is a Creation."

Necessities of Life. Goodman's solutions were often visionary, even outlandish, but some were the forerunners of today's social programs. Long before some psychiatric reformers advocated closing down the old-style mental institutions, Goodman argued that the inmates should be allowed to roam the countryside as "local eccentrics or loonies." Years before Richard Nixon, among others, proposed a guaranteed minimum income, Goodman urged that the necessities of life—food, shelter, clothing, medical care—be provided free to everyone. The state would require that a citizen give six years of his life to producing those goods, then allow him to do what he wanted for the remainder. Despite these ideas Goodman never saw himself as a radical. "I've always thought tearing things up by the roots was senseless," he said. "I've always been a conservative anarchist."

In his most recently published article, Goodman asked only "that the children have bright eyes, the river be clean, food and sex be available, and nobody be pushed around" and, for himself, "that I can live on a little." He had suffered two heart attacks in the past year and refused his doctor's advice to stay in a hospital. Until his death last week at the age of 60, he insisted upon following a daily schedule of gardening on his farm in North Stratford, N.H., visiting with friends and writing—a book on religion and a collection of poems. "He wasn't a man to follow prescriptions," his doctor said. "He had too much to do."

RELIGION

Hollow Holiness

"I can't think of a time that I ever believed in God or thought it was a miracle of God that I preached," says the voice-over in a new documentary film called *Marjoe*. "I just knew I could do it well." More's the pity. The narrator, Marjoe Gortner, has been a foot-hopping, finger-jabbing, Jesus-peddling evangelist for more than half of his 28 years, starting at the tough age of 3½. At four, the curly-coiffed, dandied-up moppet stirred up headlines and a legal ruckus by marrying a young sailor

by G. KERNHOFF



MARJOE PREACHING IN MOVIE

and his girl in a California wedding.* Now he is a sensation in a devastating and disturbing film that casually tears away the "façade of holiness" that has been Marjoe's evangelical life.

From the beginning, as the film tells it, Marjoe was a child of corruption, born in a collection basket. When he was four, his evangelist parents took him to a Los Angeles rescue mission and had him ordained as a minister of the Old Time Faith Church. Then the family hit the hallelujah trail around the independent Pentecostal churches of the South and the Midwest. When Marjoe preached, according to the film, his parents cued him with prayerful exclamations ("Praise God!") meant the audience was ready for a collection; at home he was taught his routines under duress. To make him learn his lines, he

claims, his mother sometimes smothered him with a pillow or stuck his head under water. Early film clips in the movie show horrific visions of the Pavlovian result: a red-headed marionette masquerading as a prodigy of God. Even as recently as last year, his father proudly referred to Marjoe as a "preaching machine."

The machine broke down for a while in adolescence. Marjoe's father left home, and from that point on, the story becomes *Rashomon*esque. Marjoe says that he left home too, at 14, and picked up with an older woman who acted both as a surrogate mother and lover; Marjoe's father Vernon claims that Marjoe was still living with his real mother. Then Marjoe married, fathered a daughter, now eleven, and drifted through a series of fit-and-start careers. The movie does not mention the marriage, which ended in divorce in 1968. There is a California warrant still open for Marjoe's arrest on a complaint of failing to pay child support.

By the late 1960s, Marjoe was back



ON HALLELUJAH TRAIL AT AGE NINE
Born in a collection basket.

playing the old machine, telling fabricated stories about his call from God (in a dream, at four) and his baptism of the Spirit (in the bathtub, at five). Howard Smith, a columnist for Manhattan's *Village Voice*, heard about Marjoe at a party last year, taped an interview with him, and recognized him as a find. Smith then talked Theater Mogul Donald S. Rugoff and California Entrepreneur Max Palevsky (until recently a big McGovern bankroller) into backing a documentary through Cinema 10.

The result is probably the most concentrated attack on this brand of religious Americana that has ever been filmed. Robert Mitchum may have been

sinister as the "love-hate" preacher in *The Night of the Hunter*, but he was at least demented. Burt Lancaster may have been a tainted exploiter in *Elmer Gantry*, but that was at least fiction. Marjoe is very real and very chilling, an unholy innocent who seems to see himself as nothing more than a Peck's Bad Boy, a flimflam man of God who gives good service in return for his dollar. Marjoe believes—and the movie demonstrates—that he did give something to many of the trusting blacks and whites who emptied their pockets for his prayer cloths: rapture here, deep joy there, and many a psychosomatic cure. Marjoe's own joy shows up as he gleefully counts an evening's take, or smugly apes himself, lolling on a water bed and proclaiming "Glory jee to Beezus."

The documentary purports to be a public act of confession and reform, since Marjoe has now put the God pitch behind him to become, he hopes, an out-and-out show business star. That would be more honest, to be sure. But the road to repentance seems hardly well served by a film that is itself a rip-off. Smith and Sarah Kernochan, the girl friend who co-produced and directed the film with him, used Marjoe's audiences as surely as he did: the tent meetings are real enough, but they were set up with Marjoe's connivance—just as a director of war movies, say, might set up a real battle for effect.

It is not just Marjoe's Pentecostalist crowds who are exploited, demeaned and manipulated. In Manhattan, where *Marjoe* is playing to sizable crowds, the reactions are different from those in the gospel big-tops but just as predictable: a lot of laughter, a good deal of patronizing liberal headshaking, a general ts-k-ts-ing over the sorry state of religion. "Look," *Marjoe* seems to tell the world, "religious people are just as bad as we are." So are some film makers.

Grooving in Japan

When it comes to eternity, the practical-minded Japanese have always figured it is wisest to hedge all bets. Consequently their ceremonies of *miyama-iri*, which correspond to Christian baptisms, are traditionally Shinto, and their funerals are traditionally Buddhist. Now, increasingly, the Japanese are taking to being married in Christian ceremonies. This year 10% of all Japanese marriages are expected to take place in Christian churches—complete with white wedding gown, preacher, organ music and flowers—even though only 1% of Japanese are baptized Christians. At least 36 Protestant chapels in Tokyo cater especially to the "outsiders," but some couples even go to Guam or Hawaii for their ceremonies. The main reason they choose a Christian wedding: "It is so *kakko ii* [groovy]." Nevertheless, says the Rev. Eiichiro Ishii, "a mere contact with the atmosphere of the church might prove a first step for them to Christianity."

*California law at that point failed to establish any legal minimum age for ministers conducting weddings. After the marriage by Marjoe, the legislature set a minimum age of 21.

MUSIC & DANCE

Left-Wing Wagner

Germany's Bayreuth Festival had not seen anything like it in years. Instead of applause for Richard Wagner's music, there were hisses and catcalls—led off by an ear-shattering "No!" from the box of Dr. Alfons Goppel, Bavarian minister-president (equivalent of a U.S. Governor). Women lost their jewelry in the tumult, and one man furiously tore up \$250 worth of tickets for subsequent performances.

Wagner, a musical and political revolutionary who liked nothing better than a good row, would probably have loved it. Whether he would have loved what Bayreuth did to his *Tannhäuser*, the cause of all the furor, is another matter. Director Götz Friedrich managed to turn a tale of a man caught between the forces of spirituality and sensuality into a pointed parable of Fascism defeated by Socialism.

Those familiar with Friedrich's background might have expected the unusual: an honored member of the East German Communist Party, he is deputy to the unorthodox Walter Felsenstein at the famed Komische Oper in East Berlin. Yet nobody seemed prepared for what appeared when Conductor Erich Leinsdorf lowered his baton for the overture. Tenor Hugh Berezford wandered over a barren wooden platform; instead of a balletic orgy, there was a huge human brain populated with frightening, dim figures miming psychiatric problems ranging from infantilism to sado-masochism. Venus arrived looking like a Reeperbahn stripper.

The audience began to stiffen when

Act II brought on a male chorus dressed in black uniforms, strongly resembling Hitler's SS troops. As *Tannhäuser* lay dying at the end and cries of "Hallelujah!" rang out, 345 klieg lights lit up the theater, and instead of pilgrims, the audience saw a stageful of workmen glaring at them, raising clenched fists like a mob in a social protest play.

LEFT-WING TANNHÄUSER'S FALL ran the headline in *Süddeutsche Zeitung* next day. "The Bavarian minister-president vowed to cut off all further subsidies to Bayreuth if any more Communist propaganda is ever attempted," fumed Wolfgang Wagner, the politically neutral director of the festival and grandson of the composer. "Is this democratic freedom?" Haven't there been boos in Bayreuth before?"

In fact, recent seasons have brought little to cause either boos or bravos in Bayreuth. The "new Bayreuth style," fostered by Wolfgang's elder brother Wieland, substituted psychodrama for realism. Since Wieland's death in 1966, the style has remained but the spark has gone. Friedrich has changed all that. "A genius like Richard Wagner," he says, "inevitably provides room for a whole complex of often contradictory interpretations." There was nothing contradictory about the box office results after the news of his scandalous *Tannhäuser*. Gossip about Bayreuth's impending demise stopped, the Bavarian ministry denied it had ever thought of cutting off subsidies, and the pay-

"Newsmen might like to ask Wolfgang the same question, since photographers have long been banned from Bayreuth. Production pictures—too often of poor quality—are handed out on a take-it-or-leave-it basis.

ing public, though it may have come to denounce, remained to cheer. Said Wolfgang: "When Grandfather went to Bayreuth, he conceived it as a workshop. *Tannhäuser* has brought us back to where we should always have been."

Seizing the Moment

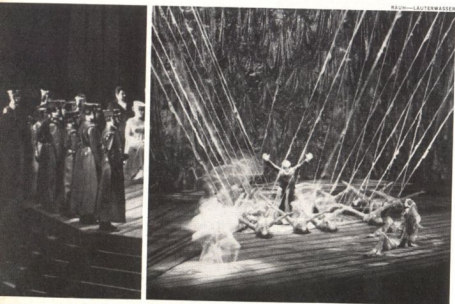
He has the sinewy frame of a prize-fighter and the finely chiseled, romantic head of a Chopin. Yet fellow dancers sometimes openly laugh at his exaggerated, stalking movements and the way his arms tend to undulate like reeds under a river. Technically, he is solidly schooled, and his physical embodiment of a musical line is superb. Yet one choreographer, sardonically noting the audience roars and whistles that greet his appearances, says: "I think he goes onstage with only one mission: to present himself as a salable commodity. He tends to relegate everything else to second place."

One thing is certain: since Italian Dancer Paolo Bortoluzzi left Maurice Béjart's Brussels-based Ballet of the Twentieth Century to join the American Ballet Theater in June, he has caused more excitement in the U.S. than any male dancer since Rudolf Nureyev leaped through the Iron Curtain.

It all began with Bortoluzzi's debut in *Giselle*, early in the A.B.T.'s current stand at Manhattan's Lincoln Center. He danced the role of Albrecht, which had become identified with the elegant and stylish Erik Bruhn before his retirement in January. During rehearsals, Bortoluzzi so shook up his colleagues with his arrogant bearing and exuberantly melodramatic interpretation that the ballet master threatened to walk out. At the first performance, Ballerina Carla Fracci, the *Giselle* and a longtime partner of Bruhn, kept whispering instructions to Bortoluzzi—where to put his feet, how to move his hands. Hissed Bortoluzzi: "If you don't stop, I'll drop you." By the second performance Fracci had decided it was "exciting to work with Paolo."

"I don't want people to watch me in *Giselle* and say I am a kind of printed stamp of 1850," explains Bortoluzzi. "I want people to live the story with me now. I want them to say, 'Oh, isn't it awful, that poor boy lost his girl.'" As for his unorthodox gestures, which some observers describe as a carryover from his twelve years with the oriental-inspired, contemporary-styled Béjart company, Bortoluzzi says: "My personality is the same whether I dance for Béjart or whether I dance *Giselle*, and I don't intend to change it."

A quick study, Bortoluzzi has learned five widely differing roles in only a few weeks for the current A.B.T. season. In Erik Bruhn's staging of Bourdonville's *La Sylphide*, he portrayed the unhappy lover of an elusive sylph (Natalia Makarova) with something like delicacy and restraint. In Anton Dolin's *Variations for Four*, he stole the show



CHORUS OF 55 MEN (LEFT) & PSYCHIATRIC MIME IN BAYREUTH "TANNHÄUSER"
Pointed parable of Fascism defeated by Socialism.



BALLET THEATER'S BORTOLUZZI
Pantherish abandon.

with the sheer, pantherish abandon of his movements. As the young seducer in Antony Tudor's *Pillar of Fire*, he was appropriately ardent. Last week, in Fokine's *Le Spectre de la Rose*, he was a little too effeminate as the Spirit of the Rose (not helped by a lurid pink, rose-petaled body stocking) but danced with lyrical grace.

The son of a Genoese clothing merchant, Bortoluzzi began dancing at 15 mainly for the exercise. At 20, he moved to Milan to join a ballet company that his teacher was starting there. After the company folded two years later, Bortoluzzi's freelancing took him to such showcases as the Nervi and Edinburgh festivals, and in 1960 he joined Béjart's new troupe. One of his most famous portrayals was the title role in Béjart's *The Swan*, an unusual bit of casting that Bortoluzzi approves. "A swan is not something very sweet, like a girl," he says. "It is an aggressive animal. And to give the sensation of flying is much more suited to a man."

Nowadays Bortoluzzi's flying is done offstage as well as on. In line with his desire "to guest everywhere," he jets to appearances at La Scala, the Paris Opera, the Royal Danish Ballet in Copenhagen, the Hamburg and Stuttgart ballets and the Vienna Staatsoper. His calendar is crammed with bookings through 1973, barely leaving time for intervals with his wife and newborn daughter, who still live in Brussels. "A dancer's career is very short," says Bortoluzzi, who is 34. "I left Béjart because I wanted to open my horizon. I cannot wait. Now is the right moment."



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Dialogue in Stone

The Forte di Belvedere straddles a hill to the south of Florence. From the air, its weathered bastions and parapets give it the shape of an immense starfish. Completed in the 16th century, it gradually lost its strategic value and nobody ever found much civilian use for it. After the disastrous flood of 1966, it became a storehouse for damaged books from Florence's national library. But a problem remained: how to integrate this masterpiece of obsolete military building with the tourist life of the city below? The answer was to turn it into an exhibition center. The fortress's ancient terraces, overlooking Florence to the north and the tranquil, cypress-dotted hills behind San Miniato to the

74, "it wouldn't be as good as this."

Under the searching Tuscan sunlight, the dialogue between the vast, worn stones of the fortress and Moore's luminously translucent Seravezza marble becomes a public conversation between two old friends. This is appropriate, considering how deeply embedded Moore's work is in the Italian tradition of monumental form. To see his largest piece, the 18-foot high, 170-ton *Square Form with Cut*, 1969-70, against Brunelleschi's apricot-colored dome of Santa Maria del Fiore is to realize how completely Moore has conquered the problems of architectonic scale, and how little the basic forms that satisfy the desire for "monumentality" have changed in the intervening 600 years. To Moore, who first visited Florence

15th century Florentines like Domenico Rosselli—whose work Moore imitated, with some precocity, in the 1922 *Head of a Virgin* that begins the retrospective—and a Mexican sculpture of the god Chac-Mool that Moore saw in the British Museum. "Its 'stoniness,'" he later wrote of Mexican carving, "its tremendous power without loss of sensitiveness makes it unsurpassed by any other period of stone sculpture."

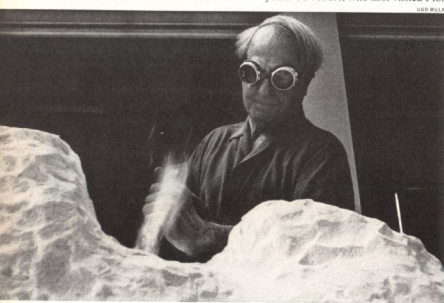
Mexican art provided Moore with what seems to be his main formal signature—a ponderous, square-end, crankshaft-like movement for the recumbent form, which still pervades even such recent bronzes as *Reclining Figure*, 1969-70, and *Two-Piece Reclining Figure: Points*. But as a model of sculptural effort, it is Michelangelo who presides over Moore's ambitions. "He engaged me most," says Moore, "and has remained an ideal ever since."

There is a gouache, dated 1942, which unwittingly prophesied a certain public view of Moore's work. Entitled *Crowd Looking at a Tied-Up Object*, it shows a deserted heath on which a huge monument stands, swaddled in tarpaulin and rope. Onlookers regard it with reverent expectation. No doubt this drawing, when Moore made it, was a tribute to the surrealist idea of the "enigmatic object," but in 1972 it looks like an official unveiling—all it needs is a Midwestern bank in the background.

Anachronism. Old Fred Flintstone, as one of Moore's Australian assistants irreverently nicknamed him, is the official sculptor of the mid-20th century, par excellence, and this inevitably provokes a reaction among younger artists, who are apt to see his work as anachronistic and rhetorical. This happens because Moore's art sets its face against the main current of recent sculpture, a current that runs away from solid form, toward open linear or planar construction. Moore is a modeler and carver, not a welder and fitter. His work is about mass, volume, the weighty displacement of air by a heavier medium. In that area he has no living peer.

Ultimately, an artist is to be judged in terms of what he chose to do, not whether history followed him or not. The dicta that surround Moore's art have become a veritable armor of clichés—for instance, the idea of "truth to material"—but they no longer seem essential to sculpture, or even very germane to Moore's best work. They have withered, as the 1960s' obsession with the flatness of the picture plane is withering. What remains, in Moore's case, is a body of work so massive in its consistency, and so ambitious in its scope, that it almost seems the product of another culture. And so it is. Moore is one of the last survivors of that early stage of modernism when the making of art was held to be a crucial, ethically charged activity, rather than a game or an exercise in information theory. If he seems a dinosaur, so much the worse for the geckos.

■ Robert Hughes



HENRY MOORE SETS TO WORK WITH HIS CHISEL ON PROSPECTIVE SCULPTURE
"Keep ever prominent the world tradition, the big view."

south, were potentially a superb site for the open-air installation of large-scale sculpture—provided that a sculptor could be found whose work could confront, and survive, the austere monumentality of the building itself. To Florence's civic leaders, there was only one choice: Henry Moore.

A Moore retrospective—containing 289 works (drawings and gouaches as well as sculpture), arranged according to basic themes and covering 50 years of Moore's activity—is currently on view at the Forte di Belvedere. It runs through the summer, until Sept. 30, and no matter how familiar Henry Moore's work may be to the international art audience, this is perhaps the most important show to be held in Italy this year. Certainly it is the most spectacular. "If a sculptor had £20 million to build the ideal site for his work," says Moore, now

on a traveling scholarship in 1925, the city is "my artistic home." The shapes of Tuscany—from the consoling, breastlike curves of its domes to the muscular run and clench of the Apennine horizon—have remained fundamental in his lexicon of form, giving it a stringency as well as a sense of humanistic presence that is unique in contemporary sculpture. One does not look to Moore's work for surprises but for a sense of continuity.

"Art," he declares, "is a universal continuous activity with no separation between past and present." In this respect, his preoccupation has not wavered. "Keep ever prominent the world tradition," the 27-year-old student scribbled in a notebook on May 4, 1926, "the big view of sculpture." This world tradition included both the smooth, delicately inflected modeling of



Overlooking central Florence stands Henry Moore's giant (170 tons) marble "Square Form with Cut," 1969-70



"Two-Piece Reclining Figure: Points," 1969-70



"Reclining Figure," 1969-70

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SHOW BUSINESS & TV

Noah's Ark of Horrors

In the old Hollywood, a dog was man's best friend, a cat was something a starlet would snuggle up to, and a rodent was a funny little mouse named Mickey. Now, if it moves and hasn't got a Social Security number, watch out. Whether it be canine, feline, porcine or ursine, according to the moviemakers, it undoubtedly has only one thought flashing through its simple little brain: to kill humans.

The recent vogue in animal horror flicks began last summer with *Willard*, the tender story of a boy's love for his pet rat, which eventually led the pack that ate him up. So successful was *Willard*, which grossed \$8,200,000 last year, according to *Variety*, that it gave birth to a sequel rat saga, *Ben*, which is now on the drive-in circuit, and a Noah's ark of other horrors about crawlers and creepers.

In *Frogs*, Ray Milland is devoured by—you guessed it. In *The Night of the Lepus*, Janet Leigh is hungrily eyed by 1,500 mad, mutant rabbits, photographed so that they appear six feet tall. In *Dr. Phibes*, bats, bees, rats and locusts are on an angry prowl. Yet to come are a thriller about man-killing spiders; a spine-tingler about murderous house cats; something called *Pigs, Pigs, Pigs: Rats, Rats, Rats*; and the inevitable *Dr. Phibes Rises Again*.

From the moviemakers' point of view, one great advantage of animal flicks is the cheapness of casting; the average cost of the pictures is only about \$1,000,000. "Since it takes only 21 days for a rat to have a litter of ten to twelve, we bought a dozen and left it up to them," says Moe Di Sessa, the trainer for *Willard* and *Ben*. By the time the company of *The Night of the Lepus* arrived on location in Arizona, its rabbit contingent had increased by more

than 10% and was about to rise again.

Rats are the easiest to work with. For *Willard*, Di Sessa trained them to run toward their food, mostly peanut butter, at the sound of a beeper. When it came time for the rats to start munching on Star Ernest Borgnine, who was smeared with peanut butter, they were even polite enough to stop with the peanut butter. The rabbits, by contrast, appear never to have heard of Pavlov. "We trained them in California to associate food with clicking sounds, so that they would head in any direction you clicked from," says *Lepus* Producer A.C. Lyles. "When we got to Arizona, we found they'd already forgotten everything we taught them." The rabbits also had a tendency to drop out of stampedes to munch on the scenery, forcing their trainers to gorge them beforehand—thus making them too lethargic to respond to the clicks.

Worst of all seem to be the frogs. Before he produced the epic named after the species, George Edwards had a kind of frog fetish; even the door knocker on his studio bungalow was shaped like one. Now that he has got to know 2,000 of them, he says: "I hate them. They're cold, slimy, and they pee all over you." Ray Milland knew he disliked them from the beginning. "I'm not touching one damned frog," he told Edwards, who got a stand-in for the death scene.

Sometimes the feeling was mutual. Instead of charging the camera as they were supposed to do, many frogs hopped the other way, some of them giving up acting altogether for life in the swamp. Perhaps Aristophanes was right. Maybe the frogs were critics.

Round 1

"Winning team at the Miami marathon," bragged NBC. "Audiences turned their attention to the CBS News team," proclaimed CBS. In the aftermath of the Democratic National Convention, each network announced that it had won the ratings game and quoted conflicting figures to prove it. Last week the A.C. Nielsen Co., which conducts the most reliable survey, confirmed NBC's claim. According to Nielsen, NBC drew an average 25% of the national viewing audience for the convention's four nights, compared with 23% for CBS and 16% for ABC (which came on the air from Miami Beach only in mid-evening, after devoting the earlier hours to entertainment).

Yet none of the network's news teams were the real winners. At hours when NBC and CBS were broadcasting the convention, ABC was cornering a greater share of the audience than either with reruns of series like *Marcus Welby* (38%) and *Mod Squad* (30%). Even a feeble sitcom like *The Super* attracted 27%. Network coverage of



TALK-SHOW HOSTS PAAR & CAVETT
Violating a basic tenet.

the Republican Convention later this month will once again be furiously competitive. But public taste being what it is, Round 2, like Round 1, will be a battle only for the runner-up positions.

Quarter of a Loaf

Would ABC bow to low ratings results and the wishes of many of its affiliates by canceling the *Dick Cavett Show*? Or would it defer to the argument by Cavett's highly vocal following that the show was a late-night oasis of wit and intelligence that should not be forced to compete for a mass public? For months that has been the big question in the TV industry.

Last week ABC announced its decision: it will do neither. Under a compromise arrangement starting in January, the network will keep the Cavett show on the air for one week each month. In two other weeks of the month, Cavett's time slot will be filled by various programs of drama, mystery, comedy and musical variety. In the remaining week it will be filled by another talk show—this one to be hosted by Late-Night Pioneer Jack Paar.

The plan is a mixed package in more ways than one. For Cavett fans, a quarter of a loaf is probably better than none. The return of the volatile and engaging Paar to regular programming for the first time since 1962 is also a plus. But an enforced rivalry between Cavett and the man who gave him his first job in TV (as a writer on Paar's late-night talk show) could be mutually damaging. Moreover, ABC seems to be violating a basic tenet of TV—that viewers are creatures of habit. The competition from NBC's Johnny Carson and CBS's late movies promises to be at least as formidable for the network's round robin as it was for Cavett alone.

RATS ON THE ATTACK IN MOVIE "BEN"



MEDICINE

Cancer Counselors

What do you say to someone who has cancer? The wrong thing, probably. Like most people confronted with a diagnosis that often amounts to a death sentence, Beverly Hills (Calif.) Realtor Fred Harris, 62, sank into despair when his doctors told him last February that he had inoperable cancer of both lungs. Nor did his friends help decrease his depression. Some, unsure as to how they should talk to Harris, avoided him; a few, mistakenly fearing contagion, forbade their children to go near him. Others overwhelmed him with solicitude. One friend, ignoring Harris' haggard appearance, insisted that he looked "great"; another inquired with unintentional cruelty: "How long did the doctor give you?"

For two months following his discharge from the hospital, Harris looked morbidly toward death. He sold his yacht, visited gun shops to look over the stock, went to the city morgue to view the bodies of suicides. Then a friend requested that he visit an acquaintance hospitalized with lung cancer, and the visit changed his attitude. "He was as afraid as I was," said Harris after talking with the man. "He seemed very appreciative when I left."

Strict Rules. So was Harris, for the visit convinced him that he could do something to help ease the isolation that cancer so frequently imposes on its victims. Working through the Los Angeles unit of the American Cancer Society, he has formed an unusual self-help program through which cancer victims who have more or less adjusted to their illness counsel those who have not, and aid each other in carrying the awful burdens of their affliction.

Harris' plan borrows heavily from programs already in operation to rehabilitate victims of breast, bowel and larynx cancer following surgery. But it differs from them in an important respect. It concentrates on patients whose can-

cers probably cannot be cured—and who are therefore likely to be distrustful of anyone who attempts to cheer them up.

Harris' program offers empathy, not sympathy. "Nobody," says Harris, "knows what it's like except somebody who's been there." Volunteer helpers, who must have their doctors' permission to participate, undergo training by physicians and psychiatrists who evaluate their emotional as well as physical fitness for the program. Those who qualify are then carefully matched by age, social and economic background, interests and type of cancer, with patients requesting help. "I try to imbue them with confidence and then I let them talk," says Harris. "But you have to be honest. If you're not honest, you've lost a confidence."

The rules under which the program operates are strict. Helpers are forbidden to exchange medical information with their "patients," particularly hearsay about new treatments. Nor, in order to avoid emotional involvement and dependency, are they allowed to make more than three visits to any one patient. Even these limited contacts may end traumatically. When a patient he had visited three times died suddenly, Harris, who is undergoing weekly drug treatments for his own cancer, was devastated. "My confidence was completely destroyed," he said. "It took a lot of self-discipline to come back." But Harris has learned to remain unruffled even when thrown out of a hospital room while attempting to visit a man still stunned at learning that he had cancer. "His temper tantrum was part of the disease. He couldn't have unleashed it on his family," Harris explained.

Another typical volunteer is Keith Stefan, 23, a self-employed photographer who has Hodgkin's disease, a cancer of the lymphatic system. He is always ready to talk with other cancer victims, assuring them that he is managing to carry on despite his illness.

"I know exactly what you're going through," he told a girl who called him late one evening to tell him that she too had Hodgkin's. "I know how hard it is, not only for you but for your family too. You can handle it if you want to badly enough."

Cancer Society officials, who hope to obtain organizational recognition and funding for Harris' program, agree with University of Southern California Psychiatrist Judd Marmor that the project "can also be therapeutic for the person who is doing the helping. It gives him a purpose in life at a point where the curtain seems to be drawing down."

The program's most enthusiastic endorsements, however, come from the cancer patients themselves. Says a 31-year-old divorced mother of four, who lost a leg to bone cancer last year: "If I could have seen someone then who had had the same operation and was walking around, it would have helped a lot."

Capsules

► Since surgeons first discovered that talc, a finely powdered mineral, could be toxic, they have stopped using it on the skintight rubber gloves they wear while performing operations. Now, according to the *Lancet*, there are indications that the starch used as a substitute may also be unsafe, leading to a potentially dangerous postoperative condition called "starch peritonitis." The condition, which develops anywhere from ten to 40 days after surgery and produces fever, cramping and abdominal pain, was first believed by doctors to be the result of intestinal obstructions. But those who reoperated discovered no blockages but pearly white nodules on the peritoneum, or abdominal sac. Tests and experimental treatments demonstrated that steroid drugs effectively combatted properly diagnosed starch peritonitis, and the lumps disappeared. The *Lancet's* editors urge doctors not merely to rinse off the starch substance, as that could worsen matters by clumping the starchy residues; they must wash the gloves off vigorously and then wipe them thor-

KEITH STEFAN WITH CANCER PATIENT



FRED HARRIS VISITING HOSPITAL





ES CLARK—LIFE

SURGEON'S GLOVED HANDS
Unsafe substitute.

oughly with sterile towels before picking up their scalpels.

► The search for cures for the myriad forms of cancer has taken U.S. researchers to many countries. Now, it is taking them through the Iron Curtain. Health, Education and Welfare Secretary Elliot Richardson announced last week that U.S. and Soviet scientists will exchange anticancer drugs so that each drug may be subjected to full clinical tests in the other's country. As a first step in carrying out an agreement reached during President Nixon's recent visit to Moscow, the Soviets will send the U.S. three drugs, which they have been using to treat cancers of certain white blood cells in the lymphatic system, thyroid and bladder cancers, and breast and ovarian tumors. In return, the U.S. will provide the Soviets with three drugs used experimentally against lung, skin, brain and intestinal cancers. The scientists will also trade research personnel and furnish each other with volumes of technical data concerning the safety and effectiveness of the chemicals. The Soviet scientific material must be translated and evaluated before the drugs can be tried in this country. This means that it will be at least January before the Soviet substances can be offered to selected American patients, perhaps even years before doctors have accumulated enough evidence to determine whether the drugs work.

► If a woman of childbearing age does not know whether she has ever had rubella (German measles)—and most women do not—the ideal time to vaccinate her is right after the birth of her first child. So says the *Medical Letter*, an ad-free newsletter published by a group of authoritative physicians. The reason behind the suggestion is simple: a woman who has just had a baby is not likely to become pregnant again for at least two months (although contraception should still be continued), and is therefore equally unlikely to expose her fetus to the risk of congenital rubella. Rubella vaccination of young women at other times is hazardous because they may be pregnant and not know it, or may become pregnant while the virus used in the vaccine is still in their systems.

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The Ellsberg Tangle

Despite all the original excitement about the Pentagon papers, the trial of Daniel Ellsberg and Anthony Russo opened in an atmosphere of ennui. The spectators' gallery in the Los Angeles courtroom had empty seats. One after another, the prospective jurors said that they did not really remember what the Pentagon papers said and that they did not think much about Viet Nam anyway. Then no sooner had a jury been seated than the trial was brought to a total halt by the seemingly unrelated problem of Government eavesdropping. In a curious way, though, the argument over eavesdropping mirrored

ed to know who had been overheard and what had been said.

The rules on Government wiretapping are now rather complex, but the gist of the matter is this: the Supreme Court has declared that if there has been any illegal eavesdropping involving a defendant, he must be given the details of what was overheard. It has also said that it is illegal to tap without a warrant—at least in cases that do not involve foreign intelligence.

The eavesdropping at issue last week was admittedly done without a warrant, but the Government claims that it was a "foreign" tap, that the defendants themselves had not been overheard, and that the intercepted conver-

he said, might result in the defendants' going free because of the rules on double jeopardy.

The trouble was that the Supreme Court was in recess until October. When the Justices were polled by telephone they unanimously declined to overrule Douglas and return to Washington for a special summer session. Thus the trial was postponed until autumn at the earliest.

To Ellsberg, who said he was "mentally ready" to go on trial and eager to publicize his case, the strenuous defense efforts for delay at first seemed somewhat pointless, but Co-Defendant Russo was delighted. "In an all-out fight with the Government," he said, "you score what points you can."

"Everyone thought we lost, but I was terrific," said Lawyer Boudin to his wife on the phone. He had just finished arguing the defense case before Justice Douglas in a small federal courtroom in Yakima, Wash., not far from Douglas' wilderness vacation retreat—and, as it later turned out, he had succeeded in persuading the Justice.

Boudin is technically just one of Ellsberg's lawyers, but he has tended to dominate the defense. He does cut a picturesque figure, always in a rumpled suit, his gray-blond hair tousled and his courtroom table stacked with cluttered piles of books and memos. Occasionally he ambles around the court, one fist jammed in a coat pocket; at 60, he needs the periodic exercise because he wears a heart pacemaker.

But Boudin also dominates because he has built a reputation as one of the best appeals lawyers in the country. And he has recently been doing trial work to help fight the prosecutions of Dr. Benjamin Spock and Philip Berrigan. In the Ellsberg-Russo case, he is thus waging what to him is the third battle of Indochina.

Long before Viet Nam, however, Boudin was combating officialdom with what he calls "an 18th century sense of the rights of the individual against the government." It is a sense that he brings to every courtroom. "When I arrived here on the first day," he says, "I found the door shut and locked and ringed with U.S. marshals, and there were the Government lawyers already sitting at the table inside. That's exactly the point that bothers me. It won't have the slightest influence on this case, but the thought that they considered it *their* courtroom..."

Although Boudin says he "slid by accident into the law," his progress was almost inevitable. His father was a real-estate lawyer in Brooklyn; young Boudin spent his Saturdays clipping law journals in his father's office. Following law school at St. John's, he joined his uncle's firm, which specialized in trade-union cases. He had just set up his own practice when the cold war started, and Boudin undertook to defend union clients against charges of Communist in-



GUERRILLA THEATER GROUP PROTESTING WAR & TRIAL OUTSIDE COURTHOUSE
Who has a right to keep what information secret?

the basic questions of the whole case: who has what right to keep what information secret? Who has what right to know such information?

Ellsberg had originally sought to inform the public about official deception in the evolution of U.S. policy in Viet Nam (see BOOKS). The Government first challenged the press's right to publish copies of the papers received from Ellsberg, but the Supreme Court rejected that challenge. The Government then charged that Ellsberg and Rand associate Russo collected and disclosed secret material in violation of statutes on conspiracy, theft and espionage.

Just before the trial opened, however, Judge William Matthew Byrne disclosed that a Government wiretap had happened to overhear a conversation involving one of the lawyers or consultants on the defense team. "Serious, shocking, shameful," declared Attorney Leonard Boudin. The defense demand-

sation had nothing to do with the Ellsberg case. (Boudin represents the government of Chile in certain of its affairs, and some of his 15 colleagues in the trial have had associations with North Viet Nam.) Although the Supreme Court has not explicitly ruled on "foreign" taps, the prosecution claims that they are legal and therefore do not have to be disclosed. Judge Byrne himself studied the tapped conversation and agreed with the Government that it was irrelevant to the case.

But defense lawyers insisted that the judge had no right to make such a ruling without showing the information to them. William O. Douglas, the Supreme Court Justice responsible for that area of the country, agreed to stay the trial until the full court could consider the issues. At that point, U.S. Solicitor General Erwin Griswold moved in and asked the Supreme Court to vacate the stay and let the trial proceed. A long delay after the jury had been impaneled,

fluence. Did he have ideological reasons? "Not at all," he says. "I not only was never a Communist but I was never a radical, and I'm still not. The law often was and still is an intellectual game for me. I have a basic cynicism for any political line. I don't know where the truth lies."

Most of Boudin's union clients left him after he was assigned by the trial court to represent Judith Coplon, a Justice Department analyst charged with espionage for the Soviet Union. (Ironically, her case, like the Ellsberg impasse last week, turned on a wiretap; Boudin won the Coplon appeal because authorities had eavesdropped on lawyer-client conversations.) Filling the gap in his practice, he began to make a name for himself in a series of passport cases: he diligently represented such noted left-wingers as Corliss Lamont, Paul Robe-

His son Michael, 33, practices with one of Washington's most prestigious law firms; his daughter Kathy, 29, allegedly became a Weatherwoman and was seen leaving a Manhattan town house that had just been destroyed in a 1970 bomb explosion. Kathy is still on the FBI's Wanted list. Boudin declines to talk about it.

Although Boudin has spent a life devoted to the law, he remains skeptical of some of its major institutions—particularly the courts. Citing the "deference to the Executive, the unwillingness to decide issues relating to the legality of the war," he says: "All of this makes me less sure that the law is the answer I once thought it was." He rejects the violent alternative apparently chosen by his daughter, and has almost equally strong doubts about the process of education (though he lectured at Harvard last year). "While I see no alternative but to continue the process," he says, "I will say that I am not terribly hopeful. I think we have to keep on plugging. I guess I like what I'm doing. Who the hell knows?"

Hatcheting Hatch

Civil servants are supposed to be nonpolitical toilers in the vineyards of government. To help assure their immunity from temptation—and from the pressures of officials seeking to use them in re-election campaigns—the Hatch Act of 1939 forbade most federal employees from taking "any active part in political management or in political campaigns." "Little Hatch acts" followed in some states and municipalities, covering the local firemen, policemen, clerks and dogcatchers.

All in all, the rules seemed to provide a thoroughly estimable state of bureaucratic neutrality—except to a growing number of civil servants who objected to their loss of free speech and association. Recently a few courts have begun questioning the restrictions. Last week a three-judge federal court in Washington, D.C., voted 2-1 to end the Hatch Act's ban on political activity. The court ruled that it was too broad and unconstitutionally vague.

Pointing out that the act had embodied a disconnected series of earlier civil service rulings, Judge Gerhard Gesell said that it had been used to cover even a person who bet on an election, who drunkenly criticized a political party, or who failed to discourage a spouse's political activity. Gesell conceded that there was an "obvious, well-established governmental interest" in some restriction on civil servants' political activity, a clear hint that a more narrowly drawn law might be permissible. The current law remains in effect, however, pending an appeal to the Supreme Court. Thus the nation's estimated 2.8 million federal civil servants will probably have to sit out the next election, except of course in the privacy of the voting booth.

MILESTONES

Married. Patty Duke, 25, who nine years ago became the youngest actress to win an Academy Award (for her portrayal of Helen Keller in *The Miracle Worker*); and John Astin, 42, who found greater success in television comedy (*The Addams Family*, *I'm Dickens . . . He's Fenster*) than in movies (*Viva Max*, *Candy*); she for the third time, he for the second; in Washington, D.C.

Married. Magda Gabor, fiftyish, eldest and most seldom seen of the three Gabor sisters; and Tibor Heltai, 52, economic consultant; she for the sixth time, he for the second; in Southampton, L.I. Magda's most recent spouse was the late actor George Sanders, an early husband of sister Zsa Zsa's.

Married. Abraham Ribicoff, 62, senior U.S. Senator from Connecticut, former state Governor and Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare under President Kennedy; and Lois Mell Mathes, 50, Miami civic leader; she for the third time, he for the second; in Washington, D.C.

Died. Paul Goodman, 60, maverick social theorist whose bestselling *Growing Up Absurd* attacked societal foundations and became a handbook for the alienated young (see *Education*).

Died. Paul-Henri Spaak, 73, a great-spirited man from a small country, whose passionate vision and eloquence made him both part architect and chief prophet of a united Europe; of kidney disease; in Brussels. Though he did not live to see the political European union he envisioned, he could take major credit for a new feeling and policy of common concern among Europe's oft-warring nations. Trained in law, Spaak was first elected to the Belgian parliament in 1932 as a Socialist; by 1938 he had become his country's youngest Prime Minister. When Belgium fell to the Nazis in 1940, Spaak fled to London and returned after the war to Belgium to serve twice more as Prime Minister, six times as Foreign Minister. Churchillian in looks and sometimes in rhetoric, he was in 1944 a major author of the United Nations Charter, then became the General Assembly's first President. Five years later he helped found the North Atlantic Treaty Organization, and from 1955 to 1957 he served as chairman of the Treaties of Rome negotiations, which, thanks to his conciliation of a reluctant France, created the Common Market. "I travel a lot, but every time I come back and my plane approaches the coast of Europe, I am seized with the same tenderness and emotion," he once reflected. "Here, in this Europe of ours that we try to unite, life is truly made for man and to fit his measure."



DEFENSE ATTORNEY BOUDIN
An 18th century sense.

son and Rockwell Kent in proceedings that finally resulted in a 1958 Supreme Court decision ending State Department restrictions on international travel by leftists. All told, Boudin has argued before the Supreme Court 15 or 20 times (the late Justice John Harlan once listed him among the ten ablest lawyers to appear before the court).

Despite his activity in radical causes, Boudin remains an independent. "I don't like dogmatism," he says. "I don't like organization. I don't like public or private bureaucracy, and the whole trouble with left-wing movements is so much private bureaucracy." Nor has he limited his political practice (which earns him no more than about \$30,000 a year) to left-wing cases. He also won the reinstatement of Julian Bond to the Georgia legislature, and he overturned the ban on Henry Miller's *Tropic of Cancer*.

The paradoxes of his life have been strangely reflected in his two children.

Can the World Survive Economic Growth?

IN biology, growth is a distinguishing mark of life; in economics it has long seemed the *sine qua non* of the good life. Adam Smith argued in 1776 that "it is not the actual greatness of national wealth, but its continual increase, which occasions a rise in the wages of labor." Economists ever since have insisted that only a rapid increase in output could lift mankind out of poverty. Politicians of every ideology have dedicated themselves to raising production, to the applause of their constituents.

Now, however, many scientists and social reformers have begun to regard perpetual economic growth as malignant. Their increasingly fashionable fear is that production increases will destroy civilization, either by stripping the earth of natural resources or by choking humanity in a cloud of pollution. Sicco Mansholt, outgoing president of the European Common Market Commission, has remarked that in Western Europe, America and Japan, gross national product "has been thought of as something sacred—but G.N.P. is diabolical." Walter Heller, a member of TIME's Board of Economists, complains that a speaker who ventures a good word for rising output is immediately assailed as a "growth maniac" or an "abominable growthman."

Antigrowth sentiment has been swelling for years, but the biggest push came from the appearance last winter of a 197-page book, *The Limits to Growth*, which avowedly aims at "a Copernican revolution of the mind" (TIME, Jan. 24). It was prepared by a team of 17 scientists, ranging from an Iranian population expert to a Norwegian specialist on pollution. The study was begun by Professor Jay Forrester, an M.I.T. pioneer in computer analysis of likely future trends, and completed by his 30-year-old protégé, Dennis L. Meadows, a business professor who has recently moved from M.I.T. to Dartmouth. The study was sponsored, endorsed and publicized by the Club of Rome, an organization of distinguished industrialists, bankers and scientists from 25 countries.

Meadows is no latter-day Malthus prophesying doom on the basis of intuition; instead he has produced the first vision of the apocalypse ever prepared by computer. His team built a computer model of the world, fed the machine masses of data on population and industrial growth rates, farm yields and the like, and constructed "feedback loops" to gauge the effects of changes in one variable, like food production, on another, like birth rates. In restrained, nonhysterical, at times almost apologetic language, the team insists that unchecked growth can have only one outcome: "A rather sudden and uncontrollable decline in both population and industrial capacity" some time before the year 2100.

Meadows' villain is "exponential growth" at a regular annual percentage. Each year's growth yields a bigger absolute increase because it is applied to a larger base; the result is that growth accelerates rapidly, like compound interest. In the M.I.T. computers, exponential growth showed a terrifying tendency to "overshoot and collapse." The study asserts that if the world's population continues to grow at about 2% annually, and global industrial output expands about 7% a year (as they do now), then some time during the life span of children born today, the world will begin running out of natural resources such as coal, oil and metals. For lack of them, industries will collapse by the mid-21st century (give or take a few decades). Because industries will no longer be able to produce enough fertilizers, pesticides or medicines, famine and epidemic will kill much of the human race, and the lives of the rest will fit Thomas Hobbes' description: "Nasty, brutish and short."

The study closes almost every escape hatch. Technology, it concedes, can multiply usable resources; but if that happens, industries will grow at an exponential rate and will ultimately foul the atmosphere enough to kill most people. Pol-

lution per unit of output could perhaps be cut by three-fourths. But that would do nothing to check the exponential growth of population, and the world would soon run out of arable land, leading to mass starvation. Population growth could be halted; but that would only postpone the cataclysm unless industrial growth were stopped too. If it persisted, output would soon quadruple, canceling the benefits of the 75% reduction in pollution; thereafter pollution would rise dramatically, causing hecatombs by poisoning. There is only one way out, says the report: economic as well as population growth must be stopped cold some time between 1975 and 1990 by holding world investment in new plant and machinery equal to the rate at which physical capital wears out.

This status quo prescription—the report calls it "global equilibrium"—is as chilling as the doomsday prophecy. Halting economic growth is not merely a matter of the already affluent giving up such frills as electric toothbrushes or power windows. Sacrifices would be made by the poor, who have not yet collected the benefits of the industrial revolution. Economic growth does not necessarily guarantee that the unemployed Mississippi Delta black or the Vietnamese peasant will some day enjoy a balanced diet or a private room. But stopping growth could all too easily foreclose even the possibility.

Redistribution of existing wealth is no solution, because the rich and middle classes would not give up their wealth unless it was forcibly taken from them. Thus the redistribution would imply a series of violent revolutions and wars over the ownership of oil wells, ore mines and fertile farm land. At best, even these could produce only an equality of misery.

More than that, a no-growth world would have extreme difficulty providing either social justice or freedom. It is hard to see how growth could be halted, or even substantially slowed, without a world dictatorship—the more so as citizens of underdeveloped countries already suspect that the no-growth argument is an elitist, aristocratic, white man's conspiracy to lock them into perpetual poverty. It would do little good to stop growth in the U.S. if it raged on in Algeria and Indonesia. At minimum, people would have to be told that they could not buy the flush toilets or transistor radios that they desire because computers had decreed that no more resources could be invested in producing them. Corporations would have a hard time expanding; for every one that did expand, another company would have to contract. Could freedom of speech survive? Demagogues would surely promise comfort to the poor if only growth could be resumed; that siren song would have to be silenced.

Even the authors of the Club of Rome report confess that there is only one conceivable reason for stopping growth: that is the only way to prevent certain global cataclysm. But is it really?

The book presents an elusive target because the Club of Rome will not publish until next month the statistics that Meadows used. Already, though, critics are sharply assailing Meadows' methodology. Their most telling point is that the M.I.T. computer shows only the "bad" trends—such as population and economic growth—increasing exponentially. Some tendencies that might save the world are allowed only "linear" growth, as in simple interest rates. The difference is dramatic. At exponential rates, anything that grows 7% a year would double in size in just over ten years and increase by 86.672% in 100 years. But at linear rates, a 7% increase would lead to a doubling in just over 14 years and an increase of 700% in 100 years.

Critics of the Club of Rome report insist that exponential growth is also possible in the technology that enables society to utilize new resources, wring more food from the land and curb pollution. In the resources field, some experts

sketch this scenario: long before resources run out, scarcities would force price boosts. The expense would prod industrialists and consumers to substitute one material for another, develop recycling techniques to use existing supplies more efficiently, and redouble efforts to find ways of using materials—for example, oil-bearing shale—that were previously uneconomical or technically impossible to exploit. Before long, commercial harnessing of thermonuclear fusion could make available limitless quantities of low-cost energy, which could in turn be used to unlock new raw materials from the earth.

Ecologist Barry Commoner, a vehement foe of mindless growth, considers Meadows' treatment of pollution "quite simplistic." It assumes that more growth inevitably means more pollution. Yet the alarming rise in pollution, says Commoner, has been caused not by growth *per se* but by changes in the composition of growth—for example, the postwar shifts from soaps to detergents. Shifting back to cleaner (and costlier) products and techniques could decrease pollution much more than the Meadows team foresees, while permitting output to continue rising. In essence, the Meadows team projected current trends into the future without analyzing how man might alter them. The whole exercise, say critics, proves again that the past is a shaky gauge of the future, and that the value of the conclusions coming out of a computer depends totally on the quality of the assumptions programmed

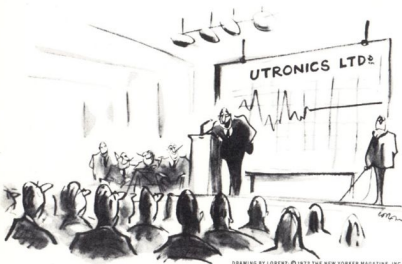
to increase clean, nonpolluting growth and to restrain the kind of growth that exhausts resources and pollutes the environment. One problem is that there is no reliable indicator that measures and distinguishes between different kinds of growth. Economic performance is gauged by the gross national product, a truly gross and misleading measure. Activities that are useless (like the printing of reports that the recipients throw in the wastebasket without reading) or even destructive (the development of highly polluting production technologies) swell G.N.P. as long as money is spent on them. At best, G.N.P. tends to overemphasize the kind of growth symbolized by steel, stamping presses, cars and dishwashers—precisely the kind that chews up natural resources and pours out pollution. In theory, a dollar of salary paid to a Latin scholar weighs as heavily as a dollar of wages paid to an auto worker; but in practice, hiring six auto workers increases G.N.P. more than hiring six public school teachers. The auto workers turn out a product that is sold for more dollars than that further swell G.N.P.; the teachers do not.

A better, even if less precise measure of economic growth might be "an increase in material well-being." In poor countries, the redefinition is not so important: their people still need every cooking pot, pair of shoes and bicycle that can be produced. But in the industrialized world, and especially in the U.S., it is possible to envision a policy that would devote a dwindling share of new investments to traditional industry while channeling more into such tasks as cleaning streets, improving education and law enforcement, upgrading mass transit and expanding low-cost medical service. Such a program in the developed nations might cause G.N.P. growth to slow, though not stop, since stethoscopes use less metal than refrigerators do. For that very reason, this program would conserve resources and minimize pollution, and it could result in a truer as well as a cleaner kind of economic growth. Litter-free streets, safer trains, better medical care and increased protection against muggings might well increase human well-being more than a higher output of cars, chemicals and electric can openers. Unemployment would not rise; fewer people would work in basic industries, but more people would find jobs as teachers, park attendants and medical technicians. Poorer nations could continue to concentrate on increasing G.N.P., though the poor, too, should ponder whether they might not be better off building bicycle plants instead of auto assembly lines, even if car factories raise G.N.P. more.

There are drawbacks. The Government would have to take over more of the direction of the economy, taxing away dollars that citizens otherwise would use for private purchases and pouring them into public investments. How the money left in the private economy would be spent could be mostly left to the market, but the Government would have to intervene there too. Never again, for example, could industry assume that almost any new production technique that is developed must be put into use, regardless of whether it conserves or depletes resources, reduces or increases pollution. Government may have to guide the decisions, though that could be done by tax, depreciation and contracting policy rather than by dictatorial fiat.

To carry out completely such a shift in public policy, and the change in popular psychology on which it must be based, could take decades, even generations. M.I.T. computers to the contrary, society probably has the time. But it must not squander that time in a heedless pursuit of the wrong kind of growth.

•George J. Church



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"And so we here at Utronics take great pride in announcing that we are the first American corporation to achieve zero economic growth."

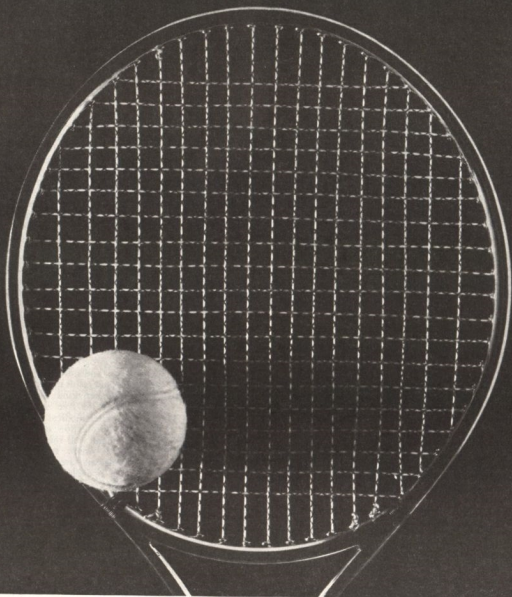
into it. Computer men sum up this idea with the acronym GIGO—"garbage in, garbage out."

Yet *The Limits to Growth* cannot be dismissed as just another cry of wolf. The catastrophes that it predicts *could* happen. Indeed, the world is now getting an ominous foretaste of some disasters. In Japan, for example, superexponential growth has so befouled the air and water that pollution has directly caused outbreaks of serious disease and death.

Meadows probably erred in placing the potential day of reckoning around 2050, and whether it comes then or in, say, 3050 makes a gargantuan difference to people alive today—and to their immediate heirs. The later it is, the more chance there is in the interim of raising the world's poor toward a decent life. But only a superoptimist would insist that growth can continue forever; that would presuppose that resources are literally infinite. Even if the earth's resources and its capacity to absorb pollution could be extended without limit—or if humanity could colonize other worlds—no one could be certain that that could be done rapidly enough to permit infinite growth at the pace and of the type occurring today. To banish the Club of Rome's nightmares, some changes in growth patterns should start now.

Economists, ecologists and entrepreneurs should strive

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RETAILING

War in the Supermarkets

PEOPLE beefing about the oppressive price of food may find it hard to believe, but the supermarket business has traditionally operated with profits as thin as a sales slip and competition as keen as a butcher's blade. Prices are going up not because supermarkets are squeezing out more money, but primarily because they have had to pay more to wholesalers, who in turn have had to pay more to farmers. The July wholesale price index rose at an annual rate of 8.4%, from 6% the month before, mainly because of food costs. Retail food prices will continue to increase; farmers got 1.5% more for their produce in June and July, breaking a price-index record set during the Korean War.

In an all-consuming competition with each other, many supermarket chains have absorbed part of these rises and pared their sales markups ever finer; industry profit margins have fallen from 1.2¢ on a dollar in 1965 to .87¢ last year. Lately the big A. & P. chain has escalated this intense rivalry into a monumental war of the supermarkets.

The big-barrel weapon now is discount merchandising, which has spread to 40% of the nation's supermarkets. Generally, discounting involves scrapping frills such as trading stamps and games, reducing the variety of goods, and trimming prices on a large percentage of store items. Buying at a discount store can save consumers about 5% and sometimes more of the cost of shopping at a conventional supermarket.

In theory, price reductions are offset by greater volume and lowered operating expenses. In practice, they chew into earnings. Since last January, when A. & P. started a cut-rate drive called WEO (for Where Economy Originates), earnings for many chains have reached the vanishing point. A. & P. increased sales volume 9% in the quarter ending last May, but it reported a \$20 million

loss. In its last fiscal year, Finast showed a deficit of \$689,000. Kroger reported a 10% earnings dip in its June interim report, and Grand Union a drop of 38%. The war is hottest in the East and Midwest, where A. & P. is strongest. On the West Coast, where discounting has been practiced for years, many chains are in the black, including Safeway, which registered a first-quarter earnings gain of 13%.

A. & P. has been one of the most stodgily managed chains in the industry, and its business has been nibbled away by more inventive retailers. Recently, the hustling Safeway chain, which began discounting in earnest in 1965, nosed out A. & P. as the biggest supermarketeer. Determined to recapture its dominant position, A. & P. has converted 3,700 of its 4,200 stores to WEO, and by fall all of them will be discounting. The company trimmed its prices so low that its gross profit margin (before taxes and operating expenses) has slid to an estimated 12%, v. about 14% for most discount food chains and 21% for conventional supermarkets.

Though a recent comparison check at a conventional A. & P. and a WEO discount store in the New York City area found some prices identical, especially for meat, it also turned up bargains. Samples:

	WEO	A. & P.
Super-Right Bacon (1 lb.)	87¢	89¢
Super-Right Canned Ham (4 lb.)	\$4.19	\$4.29
Stringbeans (1 lb.)	29¢	39¢
Skippy Peanut Butter (28 oz.)	93¢	97¢
A. & P. frozen orange juice (4 cans)	79¢	95¢

This discounting has roused considerable controversy. Shoppers charge that many discount stores are dirty and



DISCOUNT FOOD STORE IN YONKERS, N.Y.



CLOTHES SHOPPING AT 2 A.M. IN UNION, N.J.

LEVIDOR—ATLANTA



WINDOW BANNER PROCLAIMING NEW ALL-NIGHT POLICY AT AN ARLAN'S GROCERY MART IN ATLANTA
While food prices go up, markups come down—and the competition consumes.

BUSINESS

slack on service. The Federal Trade Commission claims that some cut-rate items promoted by A. & P. stores are not available at the advertised price when customers try to buy them. A. & P. must now either agree to a consent order to correct its practices or risk a formal complaint from the FTC. Meanwhile, complaints are clanking in from other chains, which are striving to meet A. & P.'s posted prices. Bohack President Joseph Binder fumes: "A. & P. is helping to place the supermarket business into a tailspin. That company is selling items at prices at which it could not possibly make a profit." Prospects of more bloodletting are worrying investors. In the past two weeks, the stocks of three major chains—Jewel, National Tea and Supermarkets General—all plunged to lows for the year. A. & P.'s stock is down to 16½, compared with 22 in January and its historic high of 70½ in 1961.

The Late Show. While persisting in their money-losing efforts to combat A. & P.'s assault, many chains are seeking new ways to boost earnings. One new wrinkle is round-the-clock service, which has been adopted by some or all stores in the Jewel, Pathmark, Arlan's and other chains. They aim to attract new customers while A. & P. and other competing stores are closed. Says Marvin Lerner, executive vice president of Manhattan-based Bohack, which has put its discount chain of Village Stores on a 24-hour schedule: "We've competed as far as we can go on price, so now we're turning to longer hours." So far customer response has been good. Stuart Rosenthal, assistant to the president of Supermarkets General, which operates Pathmark, says: "We get all kinds of people late at night or early in the morning—couples unable to shop together during regular hours, or the wife who trusts her husband to baby-sit only when the kids are asleep." The added cost of increased hours has generally been minimal. Explains Ralph Krueger, vice president of Allied Supermarkets, which manages Arlan's: "It doesn't add much to our labor expense because we must have people in to stock at night anyhow. Certain other expenses, like rent, remain the same whether we stay open or not."

Striving to increase profit, supermarket managers are also stocking a growing grab bag of nongrocery items from banjos to philodendron plants, and making room in their stores for wine shops, sports-clothes boutiques and even pharmacies. But some food-chain managers fear that if the fierce price-cutting clash continues much longer, the entire industry is headed for a bumpy shake-out period of failures and mergers. Others take a less apocalyptic view, believing that the discount craze will run its course and the old merchandising cycle will start all over. Says Eugene Walsh, president of Ralphs Grocery chain in Los Angeles: "People will probably start playing games again.

Then stores will go back to stamps." Until that happens, American shoppers—who spend an annual average \$2,080 per family in supermarkets—can take some solace in the fact that the great discounting war has prevented prices from rising even higher.

ENTREPRENEURS

Mize's Many Empires

Texas empire builders like Ross Perot, James Ling and Haroldson L. Hunt have a penchant for headlines—but D. (for Davis) Doyle Mize does not. A self-effacing entrepreneur known by only a few in the upper echelons of business, Mize, 48, is chairman of Houston's Southdown, Inc. In three years under Mize, Southdown has acquired a cluster of companies that drill for oil, develop land, refine sugar, make cement and sell beer, pushing its sales up from \$35 million to \$182 million, with net profits of \$38 million last year. Now Mize is spreading into the thriving California wine business.

Mize's method is to buy relatively small, family-owned, money-earning companies and then rapidly increase their profits by hiring new managers, paring payrolls and investing in modern machines and plants. His record of successes has brought him into the club-by inner circle of Houston's top businessmen and bankers, who lend him money to make deals. Speaking of his own wealth, Mize says, with some understatement: "I'm not big rich, but I'm damned comfortable."

Son of a poor Texas farmer, Mize dropped out of the University of Houston and went to work as a bench hand for an oil-exploration company. He

moved up to become a salesman and then climbed through a succession of corporate jobs to become president of Mandrel Industries, an oilfield-equipment manufacturer. Naturally, he bought some stock in Mandrel and, when the company was sold in 1963, he had a bankroll of \$250,000.

Itching to be on his own, Mize used his money, plus bank loans, to buy a controlling interest in Zapata, a small, cash-rich oil-drilling firm. Since he thus became the controlling stockholder in Zapata, Mize named himself chairman and began using the company's cash and stock to acquire other companies.

Great Thirst. By 1969, Mize had grown tired of Zapata, figuring that it had reached a point at which profits could not be raised fast. His goal is to double after-tax profits each year, which he has often managed to do. For a more promising base of operations, he chose land-rich Southdown, a company that Zapata controlled. In a complicated series of transactions, Mize made Southdown an entirely separate company, severing all its ties with Zapata. He also resigned from Zapata and named himself chairman of Southdown. Again Mize went back to making acquisitions, mostly in exchange for Southdown securities. He bought Southwestern Portland Cement and Pearl Brewing and formed Peto Oil to expand Southdown's oil and gas activities in the oil and gas business.

Southdown also owns 10,000 acres of vineyards in California's Salinas Valley. Mize recently signed an agreement to exchange 1,050 acres of land for California's San Martin winery. Mize believes that in the next five or ten years, demand for California wines will increase rapidly because the French will be unable to produce enough to satisfy America's growing thirst for good but moderately priced wine. The domestic market will soon be big enough to support another major national brand, he says, and a hustling entrepreneur could become a kingpin in American wines. That is exactly what Doyle Mize would like to be.

AUTOS

Revving Up for the Wankel

In the headquarters of Detroit's automakers, executive desk tops and coffee tables have lately sprouted plastic models of a strange-looking engine, and in high-level conversations around them, knowing mentions are made of something called an epitrochoid. Visitors soon learn that the models are see-through likenesses of the Wankel rotary engine—and an epitrochoid, in case they did not know, is the bloated figure-eight shape that its rotor follows when moving. Both the baubles and the vocabulary are just two more signs that the



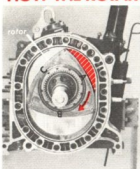
SOUTHDOWN CHAIRMAN MIZE
A future in wine.

HOW THE ROTARY ENGINE WORKS



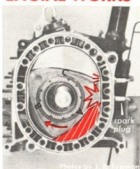
INTAKE

All three chambers A, B and C complete four-stroke cycle in one revolution. Chamber A starts cycle by drawing in fuel-air mixture.



COMPRESSION

As the rotor revolves, space in chamber A is reduced gradually, compressing mixture. B is now at exhaust stage and C at intake.



COMBUSTION

When mixture is fully compressed, two spark plugs insure complete combustion. Expanding gases provide energy to drive rotor.



EXHAUST

Revolving rotor expels spent gases through exhaust port. Cycle begins again when chamber A passes past port opening.

long-discussed Wankel has finally shifted up from being Detroit's vague "engine of the future" to a much more imminent status. The auto industry's growing number of Wankel watchers, including the authoritative trade magazine *Ward's Auto World*, an early booster, predict that Detroit will be mass-producing rotary engines in three years or so, and that by the end of the decade, more than half of all new domestic cars will be powered by them.

Catapults. The Wankel revolution has been expected for years, chiefly because of the rotary engine's elegant simplicity. Instead of converting up-and-down piston motion into wheel-driving circular energy through a series of complex linkages—the way a standard engine works—the Wankel rotors spin continuously and thus provide the proper torque to move a car's wheels directly. Rotary engines are smaller, peppier and potentially cheaper to build than conventional reciprocating models, and have only six major points of wear, v. 100 in a conventional engine. The most persistent bug, ever since Inventor Felix Wankel (pronounced *Fan-kel*) introduced his first complete model in 1957, has been a tendency for the rotor tips to wear down too quickly. That problem apparently has been solved with modern metal-coating processes, but the rotary engine still has at least one major disadvantage. It uses about 10% more fuel than standard engines at high speeds, thus adding to consumer costs and in effect wasting an already precious natural resource.*

Detroit's Big Three are pushing extensive, top-secret research projects on the Wankel, and investors and businessmen are already revving up to cut themselves in on the profits. Except for General Motors, which in 1970 bought a license to make Wankels in a deal that will eventually cost it \$50 million, any manufacturer who decides to build a ro-

tary engine will presumably have to pay royalties to Curtiss-Wright Corp., which owns North American patent rights to the design. Largely on the strength of that asset, Curtiss-Wright stock shot up from 13½ to 59¼ earlier this year, though it has settled back in recent weeks to around 45. Officers of machine tool firms are hoping to produce assembly-line equipment for what could be the biggest car design change ever made.

The boomlet has been helped along considerably by the reception given to the first rotary-powered car available in the U.S., Japan's smooth-riding and exceptionally zippy Mazda (TIME, April 5, 1971). Some 20,000 Mazdas were sold last year, even though the car has been made available in only 20 states. Mazda already ranks as the seventh biggest-selling import. Toyo Kogyo, the manufacturer, has received no fewer than 2,300 applications for some 100 Eastern and Midwestern dealerships that will be awarded this summer and fall.

Toyo Kogyo officials recently surprised other manufacturers by saying that they have "a fairly bright outlook" about meeting federal emissions standards for '75 and '76 models. U.S. automakers have flatly said that those rules, which would reduce by 90% the pollutants spewed out by a 1970 car, are impossibly strict. Mazda's equanimity was apparently based on the fact that Wankel engines operate at temperatures about 10% lower than standard internal-combustion engines do and thus produce fewer oxides of nitrogen, the primary target of the emission standards for the mid-1970s.

Since Detroit's plans for the Wankel are still under wraps, U.S. automakers try to remain noncommittal in public. Occasionally they do not succeed. A top GM engineering executive told TIME Detroit Bureau Chief Ed Reingold: "Just wait until you see our rotary—it's ten times better than the Mazda." And just when might that be? GM officers will not answer, but according to persistent rumors around Detroit, the company will offer rotary engines as an option

on '75 Vegas and perhaps a year later on a compact. Most engineers agree that rotary engines will first become available on subcompacts and progress to larger-sized cars.

Yet there is no inherent reason why rotary engines will not ultimately be suitable for any U.S. car. GM is believed to be experimenting with a Corvette outfitted with a rotary engine placed just behind the driver's seat, in the midsection of the car. Because Wankel-type power plants are only half the size of normal ones, Detroit's designers are having a field day trying out rearrangements of a car's basic features. Says David Cole, head of the University of Michigan's auto engineering laboratory and the son of GM President Edward Cole: "The rotary is going to help make the automobile a totally different vehicle ten years from now."

Love Affair. Ford, using technology bought from West Germany's Audi-NSU-Wankel, is also extensively testing the Wankel. Chrysler officials are the least enthusiastic about a rotary revolution. Engineering Vice President Alan Loofbourrow recently predicted that the Wankel "will turn out to be one of the most unbelievable fantasies ever to hit the world auto industry." Few other auto executives would go nearly that far; almost all insist that they must still cross several important bridges—especially the higher fuel consumption problem—before putting a rotary engine into mass production.

Even so, David Cole and other researchers are convinced that they are on the way toward ironing out the remaining problems with the Wankel. Rotary engines now available, including the Mazda, says Cole, are "equivalent to a 1930s' piston engine in development. The comparison between that and what we will see in a couple of years will be quite impressive." The Wankel seems finally to be doing what automen long thought impossible: ending Detroit's long love affair with the standard engine, or at least making an interesting triangle out of it.

*Last week Assistant Interior Secretary Hollis M. Dole predicted that ordinary auto gasoline may become "in tight supply in certain sections of the country by late summer of this year."

JAPAN

Out of the Sweatshops

Japan continues to flood the world with exports of low price and high quality, earning itself the grudging admiration of competitors but also upsetting world markets and aggravating the U.S. balance of payments deficit. Indeed, a discussion of steps to ease the U.S.-Japanese trade imbalance will be high on the agenda when President Nixon and Premier Tanaka meet in Hawaii late this month. Westerners commonly believe that Japan has built its towering trade surplus because its workers are selflessly willing to toil for sweatshop wages. But TIME Tokyo Bureau Chief Herman Nickel argues that this is not the real reason for Japan's success. The

Rube Goldberg would have loved this yard. The six supertankers and ore carriers that it completes in a year come as close as any ships yet to being untouched by human hands. Tsu is a world apart from the shipyards that I have seen in Europe; it is cleaner and quieter and often seems eerily empty.

Hull Trick. Completed three years ago in less than 20 months on land reclaimed from Ise Bay, the yard was designed to build two huge ships at the same time with a minimum of manpower. Steel plates are delivered by sea from Nippon Kokan's Fukuyama steelworks 300 miles away and fed into a computer-controlled process in which they are marked, cut, shaped and welded into major hull blocks. Two giant cranes that straddle the building dock then lift these components into place, and they are welded to the hull—again mostly by an automatic process. Another labor-saving device is the yard's ingenious T-shaped production layout. This allows ships to be floated out of the yard at two points, eliminating the task of moving a half-finished hull forward—a tricky operation that would take two full days. In all, a quarter-million-ton ship can be built in less than three months, which is fast by international standards. The economics of this process are impressive. Shipyard Manager Akira Takeuchi says materials and interest on loans add up to 80% of the yard's total production costs; labor costs account for 20%. In Western yards, labor costs run as high as 30% or more.

While wages are relatively modest, the well-known Japanese fringe benefits help to inspire both hard work and loyalty. For 20¢, a worker can eat a company-subsidized lunch, and for \$13.35 a month he can live in a company-subsidized, three-room apartment. He can take a free vacation at one of the company-owned lodges, or Nippon Kokan will pay the first \$3.30 of his daily hotel bill. Medical care for workers and their families is almost totally company financed; an appendectomy costs about \$2. Workers can use the company gym and playing field and can shop in the company-operated discount store. Most important, shipyard employees are virtually assured of a job until retirement, and then receive a one-lump severance payment, averaging \$20,000 for 30 years' service.

Such benefits help produce Tsu's placid labor relations. Tsu has no time clocks or sign-out procedures for parts or tools—and no complaints of pilferage or tardiness. Even more rewarding, Tsu has never had a strike; in fact, all

of Japanese industry has been relatively strike free. When there is a strike in Japan, it usually begins on Saturday afternoon and ends Monday morning. "The basis of our labor relations is mutual trust," says Takeuchi. Adds Masao Ando, head of the company union: "We know that the health of the workers depends on the health of the company." Tsu is not only healthy but also highly productive; it requires only around 25 man-hours to mold each ton of steel into ships, compared with Sweden's 32 man-hours and the U.S.'s 51 man-hours. It is this kind of efficiency, typical of Japan, that puts the country ahead in the great export race.

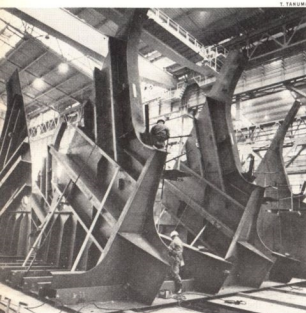
TRAVEL

Good Ship Lollipopasta

Inside every blue-jeaned, knapsacked youth who tours Europe on the cheap there lurks the spirit of the sybarite. At least that is the hope of officials of the Italian Line, which has a fleet of four luxury ships plying the Atlantic. The line is putting all its European sailings on sale for the sandaled student set.

For \$150, compared with the regular tourist-class minimum fare of \$282, a student aged 16 to 24 can buy one-way passage to or from a dozen European ports. The line's four floating *palazzi* stop at some out-of-the-way places, including Tenerife, Palermo, Palma de Majorca and Algieras, as well as at Lisbon, Cannes, Naples and Genoa. Student-fare travelers will enjoy the same accommodations (two, three or four to a cabin) as regular tourist-class passengers. They will also have the same amenities: swimming pool, 2 a.m. pizza parties and three other meals a day, with up to 450 kinds of pasta and plenty of free wine. The baggage allowance is nearly unlimited, and for \$10 extra a student voyager can bring along a bicycle. The line is also adding rock bands, volleyball courts and lectures on what to do in Europe.

The airlines, of course, have been packing them in with student fares, which come to about \$100 to \$125 each way. The seaborne-student fare is actually lower, considering that the ship tourist gets room and board for a voyage of up to eleven days. The government-owned Italian Line has little to lose from this bargain-price experiment because the 500 tourist-class cabins in its four ships—the *Michelangelo*, *Raffaello*, *Leonardo da Vinci* and *Cristoforo Colombo*—have been sailing at only 20% occupancy. Italian Line officials figure that they may not make money on the students—food alone will cost up to \$100 a head on each sailing—but that once introduced to the indulgent joys of sailing, young travelers will continue to choose nautical over aeronautical transport when they are older.



ASSEMBLING SHIP COMPONENTS AT TSU
Not by wages alone.

high productivity of Japan's modern, well-automated plants is a much more important factor.

To back his point, Nickel cites an industry in which Japan is by far the world leader: shipbuilding. Japan now has orders for 34.5 million tons of ships, almost five times as much as the country in second place, Sweden; the U.S. has orders for only 2.7 million tons. To examine Japan's success, Nickel visited one of the world's most advanced yards, the Nippon Kokan Shipyard at Tsu in central Japan, which builds vessels of up to 250,000 tons. His report:

A visit to Tsu makes a shambles of the sweatshop theory of Japanese competitiveness. Workers earn only \$335 a month, compared with wages averaging \$588 a month in Sweden or \$718 in U.S. shipyards, but the real competitive edge is Tsu's production technique.



Beauty treatment for 87 acres of trash.



In this age of affluence, we have more of everything. Including more trash. 182,000,000 tons a year. And what to do with it is a real problem.

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And waste burial, or sanitary landfill, is a good way to turn low value land into a community asset. Los Angeles County reclaimed an abandoned strip mine with sanitary landfill.

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CINEMA

A House Divided

THE MAN

Directed by JOSEPH SARGENT
Screenplay by ROD SERLING

In this kindergarten political charade, a black man becomes President of the U.S. because the roof falls in—and vice versa. The incumbent, the Speaker of the House and a gaggle of dignitaries are touring Frankfurt when disaster rains down on their good gray heads. "That ceiling was 500 years old," the German ambassador defensively informs a shocked Cabinet back in Washington. The Vice President (Lew Ayres), the victim of a recent stroke, lolls in his wheelchair like an unstrung marionette and proclaims his inability to take office. The torch is passed to Douglass Dilman (James Earl Jones), President Pro Tempore of the Senate, prompting the Capitol's most prominent Dixiecrat (Burgess Meredith) to snort "the White House doesn't seem near white enough for me tonight."

The mere thought of holding such an august office sets Jones to trembling. "How are you, Dad?" inquires his daughter (Janet MacLachlan). "Nuuuummmmb," Jones replies, drawing



JONES CONDUCTS PRESIDENTIAL PRESS CONFERENCE IN "THE MAN"
"The White House doesn't seem near white enough."

the word out of his mouth as if it were a piece of bubble gum. His militant daughter regards him as little better than a token black, a mild-mannered professor willing to tap-dance to the white man's tune. Everyone else around Washington has more or less the same impression.

Jones confounds them all. He casts aside his prepared notes at his first press conference, glances balefully at Aides Martin Balsam and William Win-

domb, and lets go with a series of scorching comments about South African racism. It seems that a young American black (George Stanford Brown) has been accused of attempting to assassinate the South African Defense Minister. He has confided to Jones that the whole thing is a frame-up, and Jones believes him, laying himself open for an international wrangle over extradition.

Scenarist Serling's adaptation of

Doral's got the system—a unique filter system that delivers the taste you've been missing in other low "tar" and nicotine cigarettes: Cellulon fiber to reduce "tar" and nicotine plus a strange-looking polyethylene chamber with baffles and air channels. Just one taste tells you why millions of smokers swear by it.

Cellulon fiber

Baffles

Polyethylene chamber

Air channels

Irving Wallace's novel is full of cheap chatter and the kind of bombast ("We cannot murder tyranny by murdering the tyrant") that even a Washington speechwriter might discard as overly florid. As portrayed by Jones, the hero is certainly fulsome enough to be a major political figure. Joseph Sargent's direction is energetic, consisting in large measure of dogging his actors with a mobile camera as they bolt through endless doorways along the corridors of power. ■ *Joy Cocks*

Police Brutality

FUZZ

Directed by RICHARD COLLA
Screenplay by EVAN HUNTER

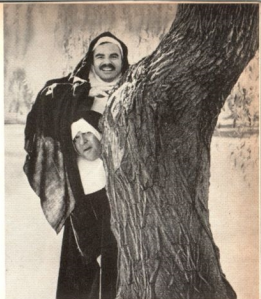
As any devotee of detective fiction knows, the most famous police station in the country is Author Ed McBain's 87th Precinct, where the cops are gruff, sentimental and occasionally fallible, but almost always good at their jobs. *Fuzz* is based on a blotter full of their exploits, but if the boys at the 87th ever see it, they'll have an open and shut case of criminal impersonation on their hands.

The cops in *Fuzz* are the Keystone variety: louts and lovable fumblerers who succeed at their work mostly out of dumb luck. The precinct has been transplanted from McBain's unnamed megalopolis to Boston for reasons that

have little to do with milieu; the producers found it too expensive to shoot the film in New York. The shabby station house is cluttered with a couple of painters from whom Director Colla is grimly determined to wring laughs. As the cops struggle to do their duty, the painters contrive to get in the way whenever possible, straddling desks with stepladders and dropping green globules of paint on whoever happens to be passing below.

Most of the comedy stays at this slapdash level. Raquel Welch, looking as ever like a performer hired to entertain visiting conventioners, plays a policewoman assigned to bag a rapist who is prowling the parks. There is a dizzying number of other subplots, most of which revolve clumsily around the 87th's efforts to bring to justice a sinister saboteur (Yul Brynner) who threatens to extinguish the mayor.

One is grateful for the presence of actors who can make all this at least momentarily diverting. Tom Skerritt, as a young but already jaded detective, looks like a stoned-out combination of Jack Nicholson and Elisha Cook Jr. The late Steve Ihnat (*TIME*, May 29), a cop down to his white socks and rumpled plaid shirt, is required at one point to shoot himself in the foot with his police special, an ancient bit of business that he contrives to make fresh. The hero of the film, if there is one, is Burt Reynolds,



REYNOLDS & WESTON IN "FUZZ"
Criminal impersonation.

who displays an enviable sense of comic timing and a shrewd sense of self-parody. One scene in which Reynolds and his partner (Jack Weston) attempt a cross-examination while dressed in nuns' habits is so funny that it belongs in another movie.

The real culprit behind *Fuzz* is Screenwriter Hunter. He should have known better. After all, he has written some good books under the name of Ed McBain. ■ *J.C.*

The cigarette low "tar" and nicotine smokers swear by...not at

"I swear
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taste me."



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FILTER: 14 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine, MENTHOL: 14 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report APR. '72.

Money



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The special interest magazine that's of special interest to everybody.

BOOKS

Summer Fiction

MUMBO JUMBO

by ISHMAEL REED

223 pages. Doubleday. \$6.95.

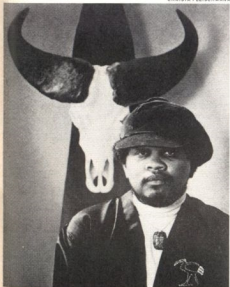
The travesty of minstrelsy was that a white man in black face could get a laugh cheap because anything black was considered funny. Ishmael Reed (*The Free-Lance Ball-Bearers*) is a black man in white face who doesn't miss a travesty. Anything white or even tan is ripe for his satire.

Reed's targets have been around at bargain prices for some time, but his laughs are not cheap. The outrageousness of his comic vision and the sinister coils of his prose beg comparison with William Burroughs. Survivors of the 1920s Harlem Renaissance may also be reminded of the orneriness of George Schuyler, the Black Mencken. *Mumbo Jumbo* is set—or rather cut loose—in the Harlem of the '20s, although Reed's ideas of renaissance slide all the way back to ancient Egypt. Like a street-hustling Norman O. Brown, Reed jives Western civilization into its mythological parts. There is the power of light, reason and uptightness, and the power of darkness, fertility and all those good, dirty down-home things.

In his scatological rereadings of history, Reed comes up with an idea called Neo-Hoodooism, a pastiche of an imaginary, ancient African aesthetic and a rip-off from the Hoodoo coven of black poets to which Reed belongs. What plot there is to *Mumbo Jumbo* deals with a search for the ancient, original Hoodoo text.

The essential spirit of Hoodoo is

CHRISTA FLEISCHMANN



SATIRIST ISHMAEL REED
Street mythology.

called Jes Grew. It slips into New Orleans and spreads across the country like a science-fiction plague. It is the jazz in the Jazz Age. Even Warren G. Harding is reported locked in the Lincoln Bedroom listening to *The Whole World Is Jazz Crazy*. Ranged against Jes Grew are the forces of the Wallflower Order (read those who do not dance).

Reed himself keeps prancing on his drum, preaching the glories of Hoodoo culture. It is a welcome alternative to the bludgeoning lectures of LeRoi (Imamu Baraka) Jones. Or is it? The club is a quicker and more merciful weapon than the feather.

■ R.Z. Sheppard

STAY HUNGRY

by CHARLES GAINES

262 pages. Doubleday. \$5.95.

Charles Gaines' first novel is one of those rascally, agreeable rarities whose wobbles the reader is willing to indulge all night. *Stay Hungry* reports with much energy and mild astonishment the adventures of a moneyed Southern loafer, Craig Blake, who falls among body builders. Blake, who is 30 or so, owns half of a real estate agency in Birmingham but cannot be bothered with it.

Instead he wanders from one expensive muscular pursuit to another, shooting rapids and doves, fishing wahoo and tarpon, doing each deed seriously and well with the finest equipment, at precisely the spot in the hemisphere where it is to be done best. No special portent is involved here; one of the novel's considerable virtues is that Blake's frivolous output of ergs is not intended to signify the decline of the West.

He departs from this upper-class play pattern when he stops at the colossal illuminated sign of the Olympic Studio and Spa, featuring Joe Santo, Mr. Alabama. The studio, an upholstered gym, does a good business jiggling lard off businessmen, but Blake has no interest in that. What shakes his unsuspecting soul is the weight room, the preserve of the body builders—grotesque, protein-stuffed Narcissuses, men intent on becoming planets.

Most of the builders, as Blake is warned, are rough as cobs. But Joe Santo, whose lats and traps are so spectacular that he is a cinch to become Mr. Southeast, is another matter. He is not only an athlete of mythic skill but a knockabout saint whose sort last surfaced in the works of Kerouac and Kesey. In short, he is good, clean wish fulfillment, and author and hero fall in love with him, in the manner of small boys. Santo does an impromptu star turn at a rodeo, befriends and soothes some strung-out hippies, and finally hands over his golden girl friend to Blake.

What is very good in the novel is



AUTHOR CHARLES GAINES
Building lats and traps.

Blake's undeluded but cheerful acceptance of people and things that he knows are both second-rate and a bit flaky. Body building is both, but Blake is curious, and what the hell, largeness is all. Charles Gaines, who is able to write about muscular matters without sounding as if he were arm wrestling with Hemingway's ghost, is as fascinated by the body builders as his hero Blake is, and he gives their posing contexts a kind of loopy dignity.

■ John Skow

STRANGE PEACHES

by EDWIN SHRAKE

375 pages. Harper's Magazine Press. \$7.95.

Still shy of 30, the hero of this Gatling-gun novel has been a reporter, an on-camera TV newsmen and an actor whose best-known performances were as Tarzan and a cowpoke on a foolish series called *Six Guns Across Texas*. John Lee Wallace, fed up with Hollywood, returns home to Dallas, leaving a vapor trail of dope and alcohol. He and his best buddy Buster plan to make "one good, true, fair thing"—a documentary film about the real Texas. The time is the late summer of 1963.

As John Lee shoots his footage, Author Shrake captures superbly the feeling of combustible chaos that climaxed in the Kennedy assassination. Senile billionaires, rabid right-wing executives of shadow corporations, cheap crooks, displaced cowboys, and kids who stay well stoned and let it all float right on by, even Jack Ruby—Shrake molds them all into his amphetamine apocalypse.

He also manages shrewdly to show how fitting it was that the dream of the last decade should have ended in Dal-



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BOOKS

las. John Lee Wallace, his spirit restless, his head forever fogged in, makes an appropriate guide for this descent into hell. But Author Shrake, who has kept his distance from John Lee throughout most of the book, ends by indulging in a little unnecessary hero worship. After Nov. 22, the story shifts to Acapulco, where John Lee and his girl get mixed up in a gun-running, dope-smuggling scheme that is crazily uncoordinated with the Texas part of the book. The nightmare dwindles down to a good-old boy's yarn that got out of hand, and a novel that first threatens to explode fizzles out like a firecracker tossed into a puddle.

■ Joy Cocks

ACTION

by JAMES GUETTI

280 pages. Dial Press. \$6.95.

Theoretically, gambling ought to be an interesting obsession. In this engaging first novel James Guetti is not always certain just what the obsession is: an untrammeled subculture with openings to the metaphysical or merely a shabby compulsion that can absorb the addict to the point of rendering everything else in his life irrelevant. Yet it is precisely that ambivalence that makes his book interesting.

The protagonist, a young teacher named Phil Hatcher, is a compulsive player of horses, poker, craps—any ritual of chance on which he can stake his life or his rent money. His marriage goes, his career more or less disintegrates, but the "action" remains. Gambling—worked at, lovingly labored over, the *Morning Telegraph* studied with a Talmudic precision—becomes the last pure arena of sheer individualistic intellect: the mind in combat with the odds. Guetti's scenes at Aqueduct and Monmouth Park, at craps tables and poker parties, have a tense authenticity. Thousands of dollars roll in and out with a blind, tidal rhythm. Meantime, Hatcher's wife, already effectively widowed, drifts off to find a life outside of her husband's elaborate and demanding fantasies.

Perhaps because he is a gambler himself, Author Guetti provides Hatcher with a complete metamorphosis from professor to high roller. When last seen he is heading south in a Cadillac for more action.

■ Lance Morrow

THE PRIVATE SECTOR

by JOSEPH HONE

314 pages. Dutton. \$7.95.

This stylish thriller is yet another stop on the Greene-Ambler-Deighton-LeCarré circuit. In his first novel, Dublin-born Joseph Hone follows the impeccable existentialist formula in which the spy is the victim, doomed to suffer betrayals and failures as remote as the stars from his control.

For Peter Marlow trouble begins when London sends him to Cairo to find another British agent, named Henry Ed-

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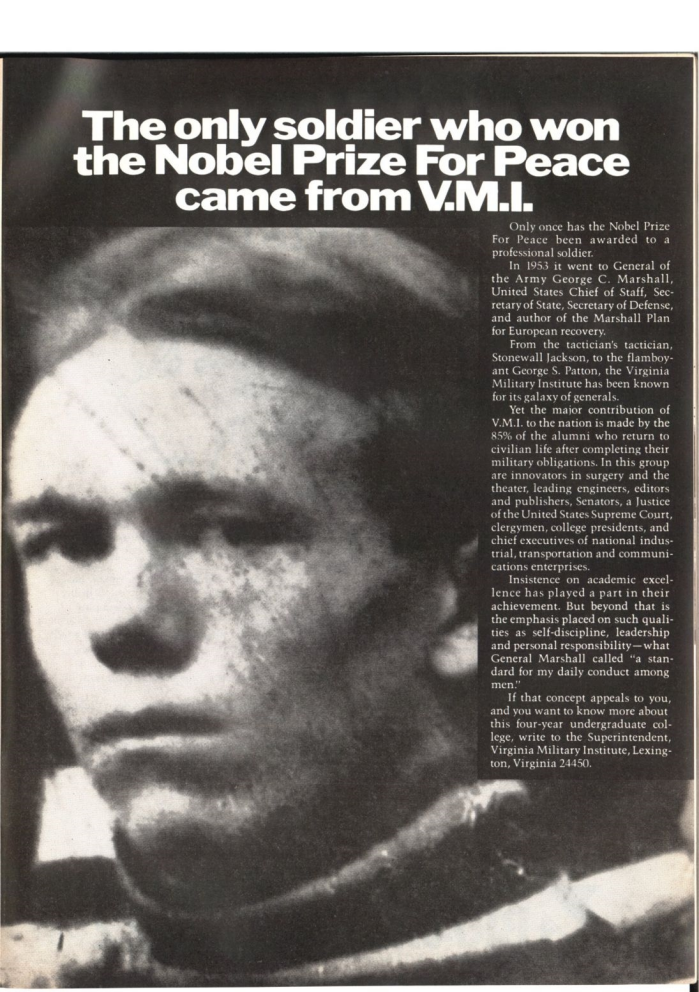
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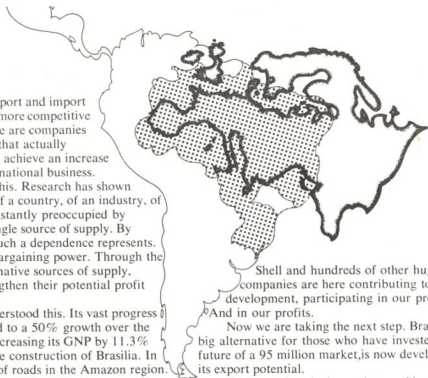
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BRASIL EXPORT 72

São Paulo, Brazil, 5/14 September 1972 - Caixa Postal n.º 30.802, São Paulo

wards, who has mysteriously disappeared. Unknown to Marlow, of course, Edwards is actually a triple agent (Moscow as well as London and Cairo), and Cairo's omniscient Colonel Hamdy is determined to kill Edwards because Hamdy is himself a triple agent (Tel Aviv too). The Israelis have tipped Colonel Hamdy that Edwards is about to expose all their spies in Cairo, but they got that tip from Edwards' own boss in London, who is also, inevitably, still another Soviet agent. And so on.

Confusing? Yes. No connoisseur of the genre would accept less. Yet the best parts of Hone's espionage novel have nothing to do with espionage. His hero, far from being the traditional gun-and-karate spy, is a mournful reincarnation of the wandering Irishman, someone whose way of escaping from Egypt is to hitch a ride on a Land Rover with an Anglican clergyman who is setting off with beagle-like optimism to expand the parish in the Saharan sands around Tobruk.

Best of all, Hone provides a portrait of Nasser's Cairo that occasionally reads like updated Lawrence Durrell—a city of dusty cricket fields and sweet coffee and the khamsin rustling the jacaranda trees, a city in which the revolutionary press censor plays badminton on the roof of his apartment house and keeps a *suffragi* downstairs to retrieve the stray shuttles from the streets below.

■ Otto Friedrich

Damned Spot

PAPERS ON THE WAR

by DANIEL ELLSBERG

309 pages. Simon & Schuster. \$7.95.

In the summer of '65, Richard Nixon, the most prominent partner of a prominent Wall Street law firm, was passing through Saigon. At the time, South Viet Nam was preparing to elect members to its Constituent Assembly, and U.S. Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge, Nixon's former running mate, was worried that the wrong men might get elected. To find out why, Nixon visited the home of Major General Edward Lansdale, the U.S. coordinator of civil pacification efforts. Members of Lansdale's team were also present, including a 34-year-old former State Department expert in games theory named Daniel Ellsberg.

This is how Ellsberg remembers the gathering: "After shaking hands with each of us, Nixon asked: 'Well, Ed, what are you up to?' Lansdale replied: 'We want to help General Thang' make this the most honest election that has ever been held in Vietnam."

"Oh sure, honest, yes honest, that's right"—Nixon was sitting himself in an armchair next to Lansdale's—"so long as you win!"

In spite of the lessons learned on *Major General Nguyen Duc Thang, Lansdale's Vietnamese counterpart, who later resigned in protest against Saigon corruption.

the playing fields of Whittier, President Nixon must now settle for considerably less than a win in Southeast Asia. Whatever "winding down the war" in Indochina eventually comes to mean, Nixon cannot have it look like an outright American defeat. Neither could any other postwar President, says Ellsberg in "The Quagmire Myth and Stalemate Machine," the principal paper in this cool, rigorously logical collection of essays, dramatic eyewitness reports and congressional testimony. Ever since the first law of Dien Bien Phu, says Ellsberg, the first law of political survival has been "Do not lose the rest of Vietnam to Communist control before the next election."

Even John Kennedy, badly burned by the Bay of Pigs, had to obey this law. Although he resisted advice to commit a large force to Viet Nam, he still

BILL POTTER



WAR CRITIC DANIEL ELLSBERG
Imperfect failures.

had to send enough troops to ensure a stalemate. That the escalations of subsequent Presidents were made after considerable pessimistic advice and with one eye on the Gallup poll leads Ellsberg to dismiss the general belief that the U.S. sank slowly in the East like some hapless woolly mammoth in a tar pit. Perhaps Presidents overestimated the consequences of clear-cut withdrawal not only because of the advice they received but also because of their own timid estimates of what the American people could or could not face up to. If the Viet Nam stalemate is a tragedy, Ellsberg suggests, it is because its failures have all been "imperfect." He quotes Theodore Draper's wry observation about the Bay of Pigs as "that rare political/military event, 'a perfect failure.'"

Among the most serious imperfections Ellsberg deals with are the increasingly flimsy veils of optimistic fic-

tions that Presidents have had to weave over the pessimistic realities in Southeast Asia. As the Pentagon papers showed, Presidents deceive and are deceived, sometimes by their own deceptions. Testifying before Senator Fulbright's Foreign Relations Committee, Ellsberg offered a frightening model: "When the President starts lying, he begins to need evidence to back up his lies because in this democracy he is questioned on his statements. It then percolates down through the bureaucracy that you are helping the Boss if you come up with evidence that is supportive of our public position. . . . The effect of that is to poison the flow of information to the President himself."

In the Government, says Ellsberg, there is "a need not to know." Unpleasant realities are often ignored; critical data often go ungathered. He notes that in 1968, at Henry Kissinger's request, he drew up a list of all the conceivable options open to the U.S. in Viet Nam. They began with using nuclear weapons and ended with an immediate and complete pullout. But, says Ellsberg, by the time Nixon got the list, the last option had been deleted as inconceivable.

Throughout most of the book, Ellsberg is less concerned with laying blame than with attempting to analyze the process of Government decision making. Ultimately, it defies analysis because, as Ellsberg himself observes, bureaucrats seldom leave a clear trail. In many ways Ellsberg defies analysis too. He is the academic owl who became a Viet Nam hawk and eventually the dove who nested in the purloined Pentagon papers. His experiences as an armed researcher in Viet Nam now lead him to declare that "to call a conflict in which one army is financed and equipped by foreigners a 'civil war' simply screens a more painful reality: that the war is, after all, a foreign aggression. Our aggression."

Complex Scenario. Ellsberg even contemplates the possibility that he is a war criminal similar to Albert Speer, the intelligent, cultivated humanist who was Hitler's architect. He recalls attending a seminar on war crimes and thinking "that I was the only person present who was a potential defendant." It is difficult to take this possibility seriously. Ellsberg leaked the Pentagon papers for what he feels is the good of the country; he may also have been trying to rid himself of what he sees as a damned spot. But his view is too schematic and bears the cold stamp of the think tank. His being a war criminal could well be just another option in a complex psychological scenario.

Ellsberg, the antiwar activist, must be taken seriously. The issues he has raised about Viet Nam dwarf him as an intellectual celebrity. To view him as a potential martyr, or simply as a burglar, offers a too convenient way of avoiding the moral questions implicit in all wars. To avoid such questions goes beyond "the need not to know" to the need not to feel.

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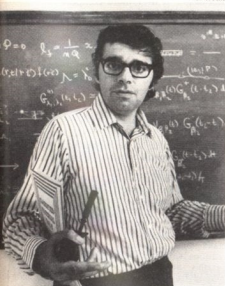
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The AEC and Secrecy

In the early 1940s, when work on the first atomic bomb was still a closely guarded secret, the late author Cleve Cartmill wrote a short story for *As-tounding Science Fiction* describing in uncannily correct detail how such a weapon might be made and used. U.S. security officials, appalled at the story's resemblance to reality, at first threatened to impound and classify all copies of the magazine. Then, realizing that banning the issue would draw even more attention to the bomb story, they nervously allowed the magazine to go on the newsstands.

A theoretical physicist in California

KEN ROGERS



LODATO AT BLACKBOARD
Shades of *Catch-22*.

named Vincent LoDato, 32, does not dabble in science fiction. But now, as a result of some factually scientific writing of his own, he has suddenly found himself in a position reminiscent of Author Cartmill's three decades ago. LoDato's troubles began in February when he was laid off from the Rand Corp. after money was withdrawn from the environmental project he was assigned to. Setting up shop in his Santa Monica, Calif., home, he turned to a pet project and early this summer finally completed some complex calculations on possible means of controlling thermonuclear fusion—the same awesome process that fires the sun and other stars. The goal of LoDato's work was hardly new; like many scientists in laboratories round the world, he proposed using laser beams to reach the enormous temperatures (as high as several hundred million degrees) needed to sustain fusion reactions. Nonetheless, LoDato felt that his

contribution was sufficiently original to justify his request for an \$80,000 grant from the AEC to pay for computer analysis of his complex equations.

At first, the commission's response seemed favorable. Visited by three AEC officials who wanted to learn more about his work, LoDato says, he was admiringly told: "You've done what it cost the Government hundreds of thousands of dollars to do." Then, about three weeks later, the AEC abruptly changed its tune. Invoking secrecy rules known as "Sigma One," which cover weapons-related theoretical work, the commission's division of classification told LoDato that his 15-page proposal had been classified as "secret/restricted data." Subsequently, he says, AEC officials ordered him not to write down anything else on the subject, forced him to withhold a scientific report intended for the journal *Nature*, stamped every page (including a few blank pages) of his 79-page notebook as "secret/classified," and insisted that his colleagues and even his wife—who types his papers—be kept completely in the dark about his work. In an explanation that could have been cribbed from the pages of *Catch-22*, one AEC functionary said: "He is allowed to think classified data, but he is not allowed to write it down."

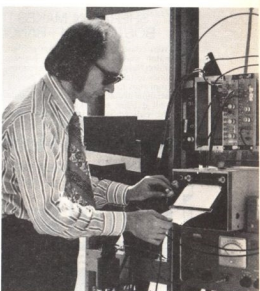
H-Bomb. Why did the AEC react so strongly? Physicist Ralph Lapp, long an independent and critical observer of the workings of the atomic energy establishment, speculates that LoDato may well have hit upon processes that could be useful both in controlled nuclear fusion and its military antithesis, the H-bomb. The AEC's own explanation lends some support to Lapp's thesis. Under the secrecy provisions of the Atomic Energy Act, a commission spokesman points out, any work that touches upon weaponry—as the AEC claims is the case with LoDato's calculations—is subject to classification, even if it is not new. The spokesman also noted that hundreds of scientists who have submitted ideas to the commission have been placed under similar restrictions. But he said that LoDato had not been ordered to stop writing on the subject entirely, and that he was free to seek employment with a private firm involved in fusion research. The only thing the AEC wants him to do, the spokesman added, is to submit future papers in this area for review and possible classification before he tries to publish them.

LoDato accepts the AEC decision to classify his papers and notes, but he is embittered by the constraints that he insists the commission has placed on further discussion and expansion of his work. "There is supposed to be an energy crisis," he told *TIME* Correspondent John Wilhelm, and "this is my contribution [to help solve it]. How can this be against national security?" If secu-

rity is involved, he says, "why don't they put a guard on my front door and a safe in my office? Then I could work at home. This way, they are literally forcing me out of the fusion game."

Messages by Muons

In the realm of high-energy physics, muons can be an outright nuisance. These tiny atomic fragments, somewhat heavier than the electrons they resemble, are produced when protons collide inside the bowels of large atom smashers. They live for only a fraction of a second, but are able to pass unscathed through heavy barriers or shields. Thus, unless carefully controlled, they often show up where they are not wanted, and can play havoc with experiments. Now a scientist at the AEC's Argonne National Laboratory outside Chicago plans to



ARNOLD STUDYING MUON PATTERN
Reaching into subways.

put the troublesome particles to work. In an effort to take some of the burden off the increasingly crowded air waves, Theoretical Physicist Richard C. Arnold proposes using beams of muons as the core of a radical new communications technology that could supplement and even replace some standard radio signals.

What would make muons so useful as messengers is the very characteristic that sometimes annoys experimental physicists: their ability to penetrate barriers. Radio waves—especially the increasingly popular microwaves, which require line-of-sight transmission between relay towers—are essentially blocked by buildings, hills and other obstructions. Thus the ghostly muons could be highly useful in heavily built-up metropolitan areas, where they would easily reach into the interior of metal skyscrapers and even deep into subway tunnels. What is more, since

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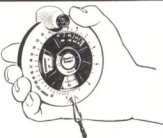
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SCIENCE

moons travel in a relatively narrow beam, they could be aimed with precision. Says Arnold: "You wouldn't have to worry about sending signals where you didn't want them."

Arnold is convinced that his scheme is entirely feasible. As a demonstration, he reports in *Science*, he recently set up two detectors near Argonne's 12 billion-electron-volt proton synchrotron. Then he periodically inserted a small block of brass in the path of a beam of particles from the accelerator. The effect was predictable: whenever the metal was in the way, it slightly weakened but did not block the flow of muons to the detectors 160 yds. away. Arnold had in effect devised a simple Morse telegraph system. By appropriately timing the intervals during which the metal was in the beam, he could, for instance, send the letter V (dot-dot-dot-dash). With a more complex system, Arnold explains, a moon beam could be sufficiently modulated to carry complete Teletype messages, voice conversations and perhaps even television images.

Radiation. At present the only method man has for producing moon beams of message-carrying strength is to use expensive atom smashers. But Arnold contends that less costly machines designed specifically to make muons could be built in the near future. According to his estimate, a 100 billion-volt synchrotron, capable of producing a moon beam with a range of up to 600 miles, would cost about \$10 million. That is roughly the price of a system of microwave towers covering a comparable distance. Furthermore, Arnold says, there might actually be a savings if moon beams were used to take some of the load off communications satellites. Aimed beyond the earth's atmosphere, a moon beam would be bent down toward the surface again by the earth's magnetic field and could be detected hundreds of miles from its point of origin.

Arnold concedes that possibly harmful radiation from such beams might be a cause for concern, but it need not be an insurmountable problem. The beams could be somewhat spread to reduce their intensity to a safe level, yet still retain enough strength to carry messages.

Moon transmissions may point the way to a more dazzling form of communication. The large "zoo" of subatomic particles, as physicists call it, includes an even stranger will-o'-the-wisp called the neutrino: a virtually massless and chargeless bundle of energy. That tiny particle can pass through matter of any thickness, including the entire earth. Furthermore, regardless of how many neutrinos there might be in a beam, they would present no radiation hazard. Thus if a neutrino transmission and detection system could be developed, the elusive particle might prove to be an even better answer to man's growing communications needs.

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